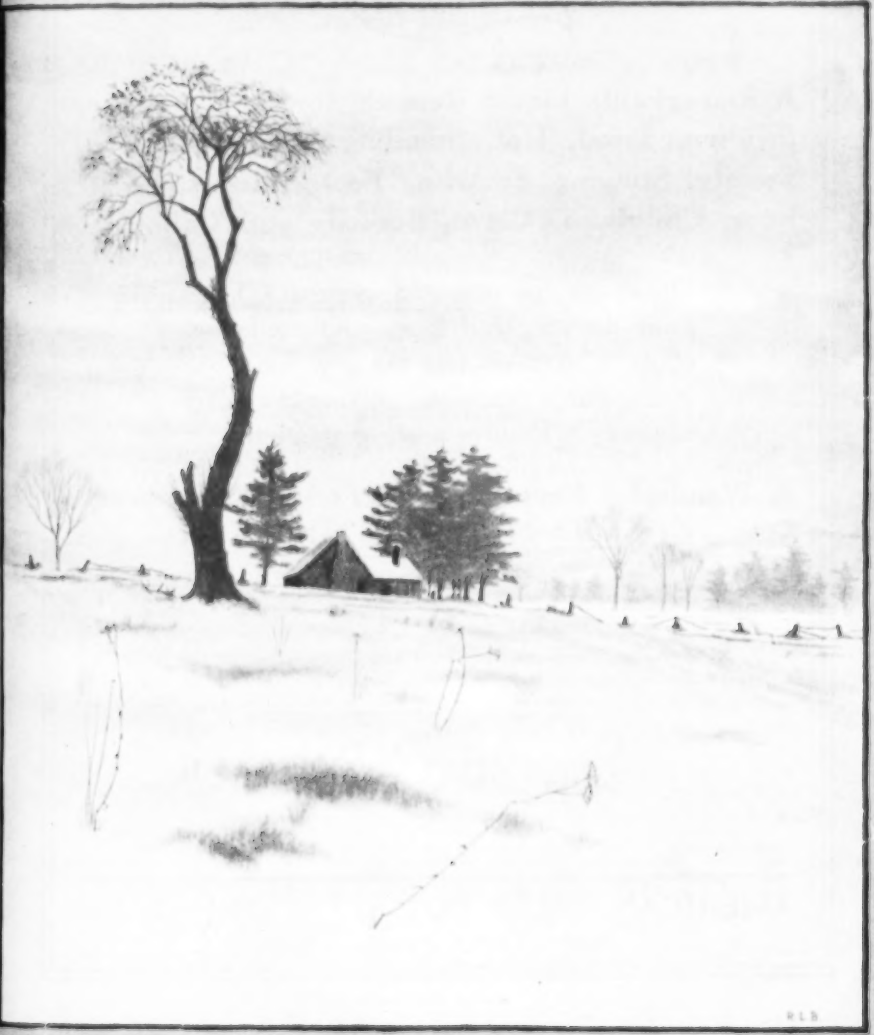
THE CHRISTMAS CRISIS



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PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE, AT 26 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Edited by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, with the co-operation of Oswald Garrison Villard, W. S. Braithwaite, M. W. Ovington, Charles Edward Russell and others.

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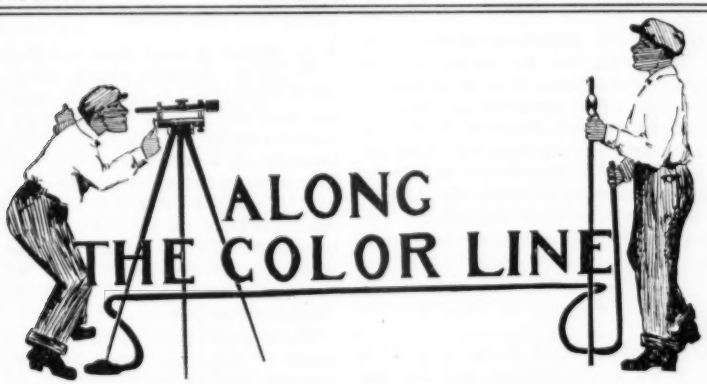


POLITICAL.

IN the city of New York it is reported that Wilson received between 20 and 30 per cent. of the Negro vote, and that Sulzer, the Democratic candidate for governor, received 50 per cent.

¶ In Lexington, Ky., Jordan Jackson, a well-to-do colored man, ran for city commissioner. Jackson is said to be a "shrewd and energetic man, who has quietly amassed a considerable fortune without exciting the antagonism of the white people." The Associated Press dispatch goes on to say:

"One difficulty which the Negroes will meet in giving their solid vote for Jackson lies in the fact that the location of the thirty-seven candidates' names on the ballot are changed with the casting of each fifty votes, so that the illiterate members of his race will have great difficulty in locating the one man for whom they desire to vote. However, comparatively few Negro voters of this city are unable to read sufficiently to identify a name, and those who cannot could be readily taught in the clubs to find and identify the name of Jordan Jackson in the long list." But Jackson was defeated.

¶ Harry W. Bass, the only colored member of the Pennsylvania legislature, was re-elected by a vote of 2,655, against 1,214 cast for his nearest competitor.

¶ President Taft has appointed J. P. Strickland, a colored man of Arkansas, to succeed C. F. Adams, the colored Assistant Register of the Treasury, who resigned to do campaign work.

¶ Two cases illustrate disfranchisement in the South: Shreveport, La., has 14,000 colored inhabitants—of these only thirty-nine were qualified to vote; each one of these thirty-nine who came to vote was told that his name was not on the poll book and had to repair to the courthouse, get a certificate to the fact that he was a voter and attach that certificate to his ballot. This, of course, enabled his ballot to be easily distinguished during the counting.

In the whole State of Georgia, with a colored population of over a million, 10,000 Negroes were qualified to vote.

¶ Among the colored officials whom President-elect Wilson will be called upon to reappoint or supersede by other appointments are the ministers to Haiti and Liberia, the secretary to Liberia, eight consuls to various parts of the world, the Assistant Attorney-General, Register and Assistant Register of the Treasury, two collectors of internal revenue, the recorder of deeds of the District of Columbia, one of the auditors of the Navy Department, two receivers of public moneys, three collectors of customs, three Assistant United States District Attorneys and several postmasters.

¶ The Negro votes cast in the Democratic primary election in Petersburg, Va., have been thrown out by the Democratic congressional committee of that city.

SOCIAL UPLIFT.

A HOME for delinquent colored girls under 16, to be known as the Sojourner Truth House, is to be established in New York. The committee on organization, of which Miss Elizabeth Walton is chairman, has begun a financial campaign, and by June, 1913, they expect to have on hand not less than $15,000, the amount necessary for three years' expenses. The colored people of the community have taken a keen interest in this effort to care for these unfortunate women, and have already raised and turned over to the committee $716.

The Sojourner Truth House is to be a home where the probationer and the girl with unwholesome home environment may be cared for until she can secure accommodation in a larger and more adequately equipped private institution, or in the now overcrowded State institution at Hudson.

¶ A special "Georgia Compendium" of the Atlanta *Constitution* devotes six pages to colored people, and contains over twenty-one columns of advertisements of Negro enterprises. Among the Negro enterprises mentioned are various business houses, numbers of churches, real-estate enterprises, institutions of learning, physicians and hospitals, and industrial insurance companies.

¶ The cornerstone of the new $100,000 building for the colored Y. M. C. A. in Indianapolis has been laid. A telegram from Julius F. Rosenwald was read.

¶ The Bessemer, Ala., Negro Men's League is inducing desirable colored families to come to town and buy homes, and is establishing a school.

¶ The First Congregational Church of Atlanta, Ga., has opened a home for colored working girls.

¶ Mrs. Laura Beard is planning an industrial exchange in Indianapolis. She has already helped to secure an appropriation of $25,000 from the legislature to establish an industrial school for colored girls at New Albany, Ind.

¶ Efforts are being made to bring under one general control the colored theatres of the nation.

¶ The colored newspaper men of New York gave a dinner at which Congressman Henry George was chief speaker.

¶ An attempt is being made to federate the philanthropic activities among colored people in Baltimore. A number of associations and clubs conducted by colored people, which are carrying on work among the Negro poor, have formed a federation under a director. This autumn, among other activities, there will be a day nursery and a social settlement, the buildings for which have already been secured by the clubs. The federation will work in connection with an advisory board of white people, of which Elizabeth Gilman is chairman.

The director chosen for this work is Mrs. Sarah C. Fernandis. Mrs. Fernandis is a Hampton graduate, and has taken the summer course in the New York School of Philanthropy. She has worked for six years in Washington, D. C., at first as a friendly visitor for the associated charities, under the direction of Charles F. Weller, and later as head worker of a social settlement in a neglected Negro quarter.

¶ The State Federation of Colored Women's Clubs of Alabama has recently helped to finish and furnish a new boys' dormitory at the reformatory which they founded. One hundred acres of land have also been added to the plant.

¶ The Douglass Hospital of Philadelphia held its founders' day celebration November 25. A souvenir was issued as an expression of gratitude to the friends who contributed $15,864 through the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. A bronze tablet was unveiled in honor of several donors. Among these was Mr. John Lux, a colored man, who left $6,500 for endowing a free bed. The hospital which cost $118,000 has raised and paid $86,000 in three years. It has a mortgaged indebtedness of $25,000 and a floating indebtedness of $8,000.

¶ In October the colored musicians of Kansas City held their annual outing. All the bands were consolidated into one large band of 100 musicians. A ladies' band also joined in the outing and services were held in Allen Chapel.

¶ The Lincoln Giants, a colored ball team, beat the New York Giants, the champions of the National League, by a score of 6 to 0.

¶ Lindsay Social Center, a settlement in a neglected alley of Washington, D. C., has been established.

¶ The colored people of New Orleans are proposing to celebrate January 1, Emancipation Day, with unusual ceremonies.

¶ In London, Eng., at the Women's Institute, Mrs. Frances Hoggan, M. D., gave a lecture on "Negro Women in America Since Their Emancipation Fifty Years Ago." In a comprehensive survey of the gradual progress of women from the time they ceased to be slaves she showed how they had organized themselves and gained for themselves political and social rights. She claimed that they were moving quietly but forcibly toward the intellectual leadership of the race. In some States in the American union black women whose mothers were slaves were now exercising intelligently their newly acquired political and civic rights. Negro women had never failed since their liberation, and their record was one to be pondered over with respectful admiration, for from such small beginnings such far-reaching results had ensued.

EDUCATION.

THE Florida State Teachers' Association will meet in Ocala during the Christmas holidays.

¶ Lincoln Institute, a colored institution which resulted from the refusal of the State of Kentucky to allow colored students to attend Berea, has at last been opened at Simpsonville. The institution represents an investment of $400,000, half of which comes from Andrew Carnegie. There are 444 acres of land, and the work is chiefly industrial.

¶ In the Alabama legislature a compulsory education law has been proposed. One senator named Thomas announced that he would oppose any bill that would compel Negroes to educate their children, for it had come to his knowledge that Negroes would give the clothing off their backs to send their children to school, while too often the white man, secure in his supremacy, would be indifferent to his duty.

¶ Atlantic City is still trying to get rid of the colored druggist who was appointed by a former mayor on the board of education. The matter has been appealed to the State board of education.

¶ Bruce Evans has been removed from his position as principal of the Armstrong Manual Training School of Washington, D. C., which he has held since 1885, and also from his position as assistant director of public night schools. This is the culmination of a series of complaints which have been made against Mr. Evans for the last few years. Garnet C. Wilkinson becomes principal of the Armstrong School and A. C. Newman assistant director of the night schools.

¶ There are in the United States 144,659 white children and 218,355 colored children, 10 to 14 years of age, who cannot read and write. The colored children form 18.9 per cent. of all colored children. This dangerous situation is much better than in 1900, when the illiteracy among colored children was 30.1 per cent.

¶ John C. Martin, a white philanthropist of New York, died, leaving an estate of $800,000. He left two wills: one divided the principal part of the fortune among the Presbyterian Freedman's Board, College Board and the Board of Home Missions; the other will left the estate to the J. C. Martin Educational Fund, principally for colored people. The matter is in litigation.

ECONOMICS.

THE Molders' Union is still discussing the question of admitting Negroes.

¶ At the Stoughton Industrial Fair, Massachusetts, the first prize for black Hamburg grapes was awarded to Miss Adelaide Washington. Miss Washington is a successful florist of Stoughton, who supplies the flower markets of Boston, as well as carrying on a transient business in neighboring towns.

¶ There are employed in the shipbuilding yards of Newport News, Va., 2,200 colored men, many of them skilled laborers, who do a large part of the work on the battleships built there. None of these men are admitted to the Ironworkers' Union.

¶ The new cottonseed-oil mill of Mound Bayou, a colored town of Mississippi, was opened November 25. It represents an investment of $60,000.

¶ There has been a strike of white waiters in Washington, D. C., and their places were filled by colored waiters. The white waiters are now inviting the colored men to join the union.

¶ A colored man who could not get a check cashed after office hours at the Mechanics' Savings Bank began a run on the institution. This is a colored bank of Richmond, Va., under the presidency of Mr. John Mitchell. It is a member of the local Clearing House Association, and stood the run without difficulty; $15,000 was paid out in two days, and on the next day confidence was restored.

¶ The colored people of Chattanooga are endeavoring to establish the Southern Central Life Insurance Company. This will engage in all kinds of insurance work.

¶ Mr. Henry P. Slaughter, the manager of the *Odd Fellows Journal*, reports that the income of this weekly paper from November 10, 1910, to July 15, 1912, was $30,315. It occupies an office in Washington, which is now thoroughly equipped for its work.

¶ The Southeastern Railways and their employees have reached a settlement in their controversy over wages. Ten per cent. advance in wages has been granted to 13,000 employees, of whom 3,000 are colored.

¶ Twenty colored families formed a colony at Blackdon, N. M. They own a considerable amount of land.

MEETINGS.

THE sixty-sixth annual meeting of the American Missionary Association was held in Buffalo, and devoted some time to the Negro problem. Charles L. Coon, a North Carolina white man, gave an excellent address, and Kelley Miller, W. H. Lewis, T. S. Inborden and Mary Church Terrell were among the colored speakers.

¶ The tenth conference of the Rhode Island Union of Colored Women's Clubs has been held in Newport, at the Mt. Olivet Baptist Church. Many delegates attended and reported a very successful meeting. Among the speakers were Rev. Byron Gunner of Hillburn, N. Y., Mr. Henry Hammond, secretary of the colored Y. M. C. A., and Miss Elizabeth Carter of New Bedford, Mass.

¶ Colored agricultural fairs have been held in Montgomery, Ala., Greenboro, Ala., Batesburg, S. C., Aberdeen, Miss., and elsewhere. The local white papers spoke in terms of highest praise of the exhibits.

¶ The annual Negro farmers' conference was held at Hampton Institute November 20 and 21.

THE CHURCH.

THE Negro Baptist Association of the State of Texas raised $170,000 during the year for its work. One colored man, who is a large land owner, gave $40,000.

¶ St. Mark's M. E. Church of New York, a colored organization, purchased last year for $54,000 an apartment house on Lenox Avenue. It proposes to buy other pieces of improved city property, and then to dispose of the whole for a farm convenient to the city, upon which a home for the aged will be established. The church is publishing an interesting monthly paper.

¶ For the first time in the history of the Negro church, a bishop has been suspended. George W. Stewart, a bishop of the C. M. E. Church, has been suspended from his ecclesiastical duties on account of alleged misappropriation of funds. His case will come before the general conference of the church in 1914.

¶ The Catholic Church is considering the conferring of sainthood upon twenty-two black Christians who suffered martyrdom in the lake region of Africa about thirty years ago.

PERSONAL.

MR. FRED M. JOHNSON, a colored soldier who fought at San Juan Hill, has invented a belt-feed rifle, which it is said will fire 300 shots without stopping, at the rate of twenty seconds. The rifle is being considered by the War Department.

¶ On March 19, 1913, the centenary of the birth of David Livingstone will be celebrated. In London a national memorial service will be held in St. Paul's, with a demonstration in Albert Hall.

¶ R. M. Swayne, a colored man of Springfield, O., stood first among the thirteen persons who took the State dental examination. He made 93 per cent.

¶ Walter P. Carter, the first and only school director in Pittsburgh, Pa., is dead.

¶ A colored boy named Fowler has been rewarded at Asheville, N. C., for saving a pet horse.

¶ Among the names on the Carnegie hero list is that of Nathan Record, a Negro

farmer, who helped save four persons from drowning at Lelot, Tex., in May, 1908. He was given a bronze medal and $1,000 toward the purchase of a farm.

¶ For three years Charles Belgrove, a colored policeman in Philadelphia, has been one of the champion athletes among his fellows. This year he won three first prizes.

¶ Frank Damrosch has offered scholarships to the United States War Department for the instruction of five bandsmen. The men were selected by rigid competitive examination and one of the five was Alfred J. Thomas, a colored musician and chief bandsman of the Tenth Cavalry.

¶ Announcement is made of the recent marriage of J. Max Barber and Miss Hattie B. Taylor of Philadelphia. Mrs. Barber is a sister of the late John B. Taylor, the runner, and was a kindergartner. Dr. Barber has opened dental offices at 3223 Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia, where he would be glad to hear from his many friends.

MUSIC AND ART.

A GROUP of four characteristic songs by Will Marion Cook has lately been published by the Schirmer music publishers.

Of Mr. Cook as a composer and musician the composer-pianist, Kurt Schindler, says: "With the publication of these larger and more ambitious works of a colored musician the attention of the musical world is sure to be focused upon a man of extraordinary talent, who has been living in our midst for fifteen years unrecognized and unheeded.

"Not that Will Marion Cook was unknown, but because his melodies have been confined to the light opera and vaudeville stage, where, although much enjoyed, few in the audiences were able to appreciate their true artistic value. * * * Mr. Cook's work at its best means no less than finding the proper musical correlative to the Negro idiom, and thus adding a new territory to musical geography.

"Besides his larger works, Mr. Cook has been writing a great many songs in a more popular vein, but it is the development of his serious work along the lines of the 'Rain Song' and the 'Exhortation' which especially interests us, since here he will not only perform a lasting service to his race, but intrinsically enrich the entire musical world."

¶ Following an illustrated article on Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the *Musical Times* of London, Eng., publishes a fine tribute to the composer by Sir Hubert Parry, the principal of the Royal College of Music, in which he states that "the first performance of the first part of 'Hiawatha' in 1898 at the college was one of the most remarkable events in modern English musical history." And he adds that "the triology is one of the most universally beloved works of modern English music."

¶ A plan is under discussion to give a great concert at the Royal Albert Hall, London, late in the month of November, to the memory of Mr. Coleridge-Taylor. It has been decided that the memorial will take some practical shape, and a committee of influential persons is being formed to further that end.

The Central Croydon Choral Society of Croydon, Eng., gave a memorial concert on November 23 as a tribute to the greatness of the musician.

¶ The sad news of Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's death cast gloom over the opening of the Royal Eisteddfod of Wales. The composer, who was one of the appointed judges of the festival, was a favorite with the Welsh musicians.

¶ Mr. David Mannes, the well-known violinist and founder of the New York Music School Settlement for Colored People in New York, has resigned his position of concert master of the New York Symphony Society to the great regret of the directors and patrons.

¶ Leoncavallo's latest opera, "Zingari" (the Gypsies), the libretto of which is founded on a short story by Pushkin, the colored Russian poet, was produced at the Hippodrome, London, on September 16.

¶ Madame Maud Powell, the distinguished violinist, has begun in the West her American tour of violin recitals. Coleridge-Taylor's concerto in G minor, which was dedicated to Maud Powell, heads her program.

¶ Choral music is said to be making rapid progress in South Africa. A series of festival performances was inaugurated this season under the management of Dr. Barrow Dowling of Cape Town. The festival opened at Durban with a performance of "Hiawatha." There was a vast audience, which included the governor-general, Lord Gladstone.

¶ A piano recital was given on November 15 at Washington, D. C., by Mr. Roy W. Tibbs, pianist, who was lately appointed teacher of pianoforte in the music department of Howard University. Mr. Tibbs is a graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Oberlin, O., and will be heard in concert this winter.

¶ An unusual concert was that given on the night of October 16, under the auspices of the A. M. E. Zion Church at Boston, Mass. The program, which consisted of compositions by colored composers, was arranged and descriptively noted by Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare.

The composers represented were Harry T. Burleigh, Harry A. Williams, J. Shelton Pollen, M. H. Hodges, DeKoven Thompson, J. Rosamond Johnson, Clarence Cameron White, S. Coleridge-Taylor and Maud Cuney Hare.

The soloists were Mrs. Adah Gaskins Mason, soprano; Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare, pianist; Mr. Wm. H. Richardson, baritone, and Mr. Clarence Cameron White, violinist.

¶ Mr. Clarence Cameron White, violinist, who enjoyed orchestral experience in the String-players' Club of London, Eng., has been appointed director of the Victorian Orchestra of Boston, Mass. The management and conductor propose to develop a concert orchestra of the first rank.

¶ Miss Minnie Cordel Kelley, who lately completed the normal course in the Milliken Conservatory of Decatur, Ill., has opened a studio for pupils in pianoforte and theory at Indianapolis, Ind.

¶ It is reported that John Berry, a colored porter in the barber shop of Frankfort, Ind., has sold a comic opera and some songs to a Chicago company for $3,467.

¶ In the report of the president of Yale University for 1912 occurs the following paragraph concerning the colored girl of whom we have spoken before:

"The Samuel Simons Sanford Fellowship given by his daughter as a memorial to the late Prof. Sanford is one of the most stimulating gifts the department has ever received. This fellowship 'to be given once in two years to the most gifted performer, who shall also have marked ability in original composition,' is intended to defray the expenses of a student during two years' study in Europe.

"The award is made this year for the first time to Helen Eugenia Hagan for a brilliant performance of an original concerto (first movement) for piano and orchestra. Miss Hagan shows not only pianistic talent of rare promise, but also clearly marked ability to conceive and execute musical ideas of much charm and no little originality. It is a source of gratification to her teachers and to all interested in the department that she is thus enabled to develop further the musical gift she has already shown.

"The annual students' concert with orchestra was given in Woolsey Hall on May 23. The audience was larger than we had ever had at a concert by students, and it is not too much to say that more of interest was offered than we have ever had before. The most notable feature of the concert was the piano concerto by Miss Hagan, to which reference has been made above."

COURTS.

REV. W. C. IRWIN has brought suit in the Superior Court of Indiana against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Pullman Company for curtaining off his seat in the Pullman car while he was riding through Kentucky.

¶ Mr. W. H. Lewis has been admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States, and is expected to assist Assistant Attorney-General Wickersham in certain government cases.

¶ Charles Boyd, a colored man, has brought suit against a Cleveland lunch house for charging him double price on an order of eggs and coffee.

¶ Some months ago a colored man in Georgia accidentally or intentionally touched a white woman with one of his hands. He was arrested, charged with assault, and an attempt was made to lynch him. He was hurriedly tried, found guilty of assault, and Judge A. W. Fite sentenced him to twenty years in the penitentiary. The Court of Appeals granted him a new trial. At this trial the prisoner was again found guilty and the same judge gave him the same sentence. The Court of Appeals again reversed Judge Fite, who proceeded to make uncomplimentary remarks about the court. The court thereupon fined him for contempt.

CRIME.

THE political campaign seems to have lessened lynchings for a while. Since our last record there have been but two.

In Americus, Ga., a Negro railroad hand, Yarborough, was hanged for alleged assault upon a white child. At Birmingham, Ala., Frank Childress, alias "Will" Smith, was shot to death by a mob after he had killed a city detective.

¶ Continual reports appear in the press of white men being discovered in crime with blackened faces. In New York three such men killed a butcher on 176th Street.

¶ The killing of colored men by policemen still goes on. Such murders are reported this month in New York City and two in Birmingham, Ala. In two of these cases there did not seem to be the slightest justification.

¶ In Philadelphia a policeman murderously assaulted Dr. Thomas G. Coates for remonstrating at the beating of another colored man.

¶ Murders of colored people by white men are reported in three cities.

In Frederick, Md., Harry Thomas was shot dead by W. J. Lewis. Lewis said that Thomas was stealing. In Winston, N. C., Oscar Fisher, "a prominent livery man and popular citizen of this city," killed one of his colored employees because he asked for his wages. At Chubb, in Polk County, Fla., a Negro, Jack Smith, was shot and killed by a white man because the man was afraid of him. There were no arrests.

¶ In Asheville, N. C., B. Hensley, a young white man, has been sent to jail for sixteen months for assaulting a colored man.

THE GHETTO.

THE fifty-six colored applicants who were marked as not passed in the recent New Orleans teachers' examinations are still complaining of unfairness. It is said that a year ago a colored applicant secured a re-examination of his papers and received a higher average than anyone who had been given a passing mark.

¶ The city of Charleston, S. C., has at last adopted "Jim Crow" street cars. The ordinance is in part as follows. A fine not exceeding $50 and imprisonment of not more than thirty days or both are the penalties for infraction of this ordinance: That all street-railway companies now or hereafter operating lines of street railways in the city of Charleston, S. C., are required to provide separate accommodations for the white and colored passengers on the cars by reserving two rear seats and spaces between all cross-seated cars for colored passengers, and the remaining seats and spaces for white passengers, but should the two rear seats thus reserved for the colored passengers become filled with such passengers then in that event any colored person or persons offering as passengers may be assigned to a seat or seats next in front, provided sufficient room in addition remains to accommodate the white passengers on the car in seats separate from the colored passenger or passengers; in such case the conductor or person in charge of the car shall have authority for this purpose to move forward the white passengers to vacant places further to the front, and in this manner make room for the additional colored passengers.

The railway company may reserve the last seat or the last two seats in the rear of the cross-seated open cars exclusively for smoking; in that event the term "two rear seats" whenever mentioned in this section shall be construed to mean the two seats immediately in front. * * *

Any colored person in immediate charge of any white child or children or any sick or infirm white person shall be permitted to ride with said child or children or said sick or infirm person in the portion of car assigned to the use of white persons.

¶ Miss Elizabeth Williams, a colored woman of Norfolk, Va., was abused by a white insurance collector while ill. She shot at him and was afterward exonerated by the court, and the collector was fined $10.

¶ Cleveland G. Allen has been calling the attention of the newspapers to the fact that no colored sailors appeared among the 6,000 who paraded in New York. The official in charge of the naval parade says that there is no discrimination against Negroes in the navy, but that the Negro cannot pass the physical tests which admit him as able seaman. This seems rather curious when we compare it with the army. According to the annual report of Surgeon-General George H. Herney, the non-efficiency rate of the colored soldier was 25.88, while that of the white soldier was 33.60. The colored soldiers also were in the hospital less.

MEN OF THE MONTH

WILL MARION COOK

WILL MARION COOK was born in Washington, D. C., thirty-nine years ago. His mother was a woman of deep religious tendencies and, with her son, attended the emotionally expressive services of a small sect of Negroes whose children she was serving as teacher. The plaintive melodies and harmonies of the old Negro hymns exerted a lasting influence on young Cook. His first musical effort was as a boy soprano, and afterward he began the study of the violin. He went to Oberlin College for three years and his advancement and promise were so marked that an opportunity to study abroad was arranged for him. He was sent to Berlin, entered the Hochschule, and made a splendid impression on Joachim, who invited him to his home for special lessons on the violin. On account of delicate health he was forced to abandon his studies in Berlin and return to America. At the time of his return the "ragtime" craze was at the height of its popularity, but nothing had been done for the development of the melodies in ensemble form. It was suggested to Cook by the late George W. Walker, of Williams and Walker, that he write some Negro songs with arrangement for choral effects; and Paul Laurence Dunbar, the Negro poet, furnished him with a set of characteristic lyrics which he set to stirring and inspiring tunes founded upon the old Negro melodies of the plantation and camp meeting. The little operetta was entitled "Clorindy or the Origin of the Cakewalk;" it was produced upon the Casino Roof Garden, where it created a furore.

Cook has composed the music for the Williams and Walker productions, "In

MISS HAZEL HARRISON

WILLIAM F. CHILDS

Dahomey," "Abyssinia" and "Bandanna Land;" also for Mr. George W. Lederer he composed the score of the Casino Theatre productions, "The Casino Girl" and "The Southerners." Among the distinctive Negro songs which he has composed are "Emancipation Day," "Mandy Lou," "Lover's Lane," "Swing Along," and a score of others.

Cook's present serious work is the development of Negro folklore in dance forms for chamber music. He feels that the Negro in music will have to take his place through the development of the old melodies, the songs of the slaves and old religious croonings.

A PIANIST.

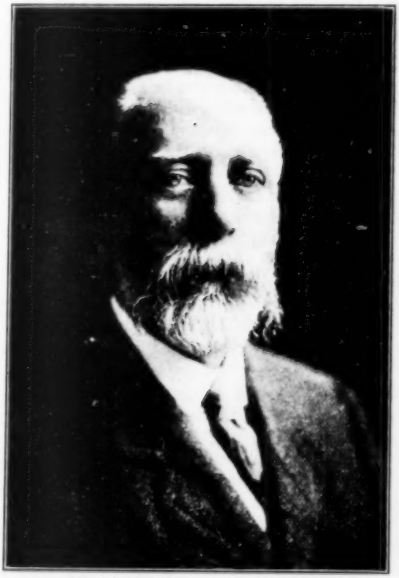
A COLORED girl of La Porte, Ind., is making her mark as a student of the piano in Germany. One of the greatest living pianists is Ferrucco Buconi of Berlin. For the past two years he has taken no pupils, but when his former pupil, Hugo Von Dalen, brought Hazel L. Harrison to him he listened to her playing with unusual interest. He said that she was gifted, had strength, rhythm and poetry, and that if she would follow his advice she would have undoubted success. He thereupon offered to direct her studies. Miss Harrison will therefore remain another year in Berlin and will be heard in concert there.

A LIEUTENANT OF POLICE.

MR. WILLIAM F. CHILDS has just been made a lieutenant of the police force of the city of Chicago, the first office of the kind ever held by a colored American. Mr. Childs was born in Marion, Ala., in 1865, of a family which has furnished excellent teachers for colored schools. He came to Chicago in 1887 as storekeeper in the dining-car department of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company. President Harrison appointed him postmaster of Marion, where he served four years, returning to Chicago in 1894. Two years later he went on the police force. On April 7, 1905, he was promoted to sergeant, and October 18, 1912, he was made lieutenant at a salary of $1,800. Both promotions were made by Carter Harrison, the Democratic mayor of Chicago.

A PHYSICIAN.

IN the death of Alonzo C. McClennan South Carolina loses its most prominent colored physician. Dr. McClennan was born in Columbia May 1, 1855. He attended the local public schools and was later appointed a cadet to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.



THE LATE DR. A. C. McCLENNAN

Being the lone colored man at the academy, he was imposed on by his fellow cadets, and as a man of courage he resented this imposition one night by fighting all who came within his reach in the dining hall. The evidence at courtmartial was all one-sided, of course, and he was sent to the prison ship. At the expiration of his sentence he was advised to resign. He did so, and afterward attended school at Wilbraham, Mass. He received his medical training at Howard University, and after graduation he first located in Augusta, Ga., but soon removed to Charleston, S. C., and developed a very large practice. In 1896 he conceived the idea of establishing a training school for nurses. With the assistance of friends he purchased a plant which developed into the Hospital and Training School for Nurses. Sixty young women have been graduated, a majority of whom are practising their profession successfully.

Personally Dr. McClennan was most unselfish and devoted to good work. He received no pay for his services as surgeon and lecturer at the hospital; he was instrumental in founding the first colored drug store twenty years ago, and in every way he was a helpful, unselfish citizen. He leaves a widow, two daughters and a son; one daughter is a trained nurse and the son is a physician.

The Christmas Sermon

By ROBERT J. LAURENCE

I.

When de trumpets am a-tootin'
An' de stahs dey am a-shootin'
  An' de owls dey am a-hootin' in de trees,
When de earf it am a-quakin'
An' de dead dey am a-wakin'
  An' de people am a-shakin' in de knees;
When yo' hea' de rollin' thundah,
An' de rocks am rent asundah,
  An' de hosts am in deir wondah standin' awed;
An' yo' fin' yo'self a-tremblin'
While de nations am assemblin,'
  Wicked sinner, what yo' gwine to tell de Lawd?

II.

When de planets get a-knockin'
At each udder an' a-rockin'
  An' de tempest seems a-mockin' at yo' woe,
When de darkness am a-fallin'
An' de buzza'ds am a-squallin'
  An' de angels am a-callin' yo' to go;
When de sun hab quit its shinin'
An' de brack wolves am a-whinin'
  An' de mo'nahs lay a-pinin' on de sod,
An' yo's asked to tell de story,
What yo' doin' up in glory,
  Tremblin' sinner, what yo' gwine to tell de Lawd?

III.

When yo' see de righteous swingin'
Up de road, an' all a-singin'
  Twul de earf it be a-ringin' wif de psalm,
When dey fol' deir wings an' rally
In de golden rivah valley
  Singin' hallaluyah-hally to de Lam';
Stop yo' sinnin' an' transgressin',
Listen to de wahnin' lesson,
  Get yo' wicked knees to pressin' on de sod;
When yo's at the bar, an' Satan
Am a-eyin' you' an' waitin'—dyin' sinner,
  What yo' gwine to tell de Lawd?

THE ELECTION.

So far as the colored American is concerned the late election marks an epoch. For the first time since emancipation the Negro vote was an unknown quantity. As the New York *Herald* says:

"It has been assumed in the past that the Negro vote may be counted as solid for the Republican candidate. Such does not appear to be the case this year. The fact seems to be that this year the split in the Republican party has induced many members of the race to drop their allegiance to the Republican party, perhaps for good, and to turn to the Democratic candidate."

The attitude of the press toward the Democratic triumph and its relation to the Negro problem is very interesting. Some of the colored papers, like the Boston *Guardian*, treat it with triumph:

"Taking the advice of that lifelong Southern Democrat, Col. Henry Watterson, that if the white South saw that a presidential victory was assisted by the intelligent colored voters of the North, it would make for a better racial understanding, and with two candidates born in the South, but of Northern residence and experience, amply assured by Governor Wilson, that as President, he would be the champion of equal rights, friend of the colored American and President of all the people of every section, and of every race, this league and the National Colored Democratic League called upon the colored voters of the Eastern and Middle Western States to desert the Republican party with telling effect."

Others, like the Richmond *Planet*, are more complacent than triumphant:

"The election of Gov. Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, on Election Day, as President of the United States, should cause no uneasiness among the colored people of this country. He is not an extremist in either politics, religion or the race question. He has given voice to no expressions of antipathy to the colored people, and we believe that he will prove a better friend to us in the White House than some of this 'commercial material' from the North, which has so persistently blundered in dealing with one of the kindliest races of people on the face of the globe."

The *Afro-American Ledger* expresses some doubt, but admits that if the President-elect lives up to his declarations he will make a most substantial contribution toward a genuine emancipation of the Negro race from a slavery, which is in conflict with the loftiest and highest ideals of American life.

Other papers, like the Norfolk (Va.) *Journal and Guide*, voice an undoubtedly widespread feeling of apprehension:

"There is some apprehension on the part of our people, fearing that a change of administration may bring an increase of the hardships, discriminations and burdens already borne by colored citizens—a second thought prompts us to believe that such is quite unlikely; even the Democratic party is now wise enough to profit by its former mistakes."

The *St. Luke's Herald* thinks that at least the Negro can suffer no more than he has:

"The Negro had nothing to lose, and we venture the assertion that he has lost nothing by the change, and it remains to be seen if he hasn't gained much.

"The Negro voter had been put out of the Republican party; he had been insulted and deserted by the Taft Republican administration. He was neither wanted nor sought until the Progressive party entered the political arena. Then the Negro was sought, cajoled and patted and promised many things if he would only stay with the party and vote for it, so that the man who insulted them could remain in the White House."

The venerable editor of the *Georgia Baptist*, which is just celebrating its thirty-second birthday, is frankly cast down and says:

"That the result of the election brings gloom to many thousands of race-loving colored men and women in all parts of the country. Just what the outcome will be time alone must decide. We did not vote Tuesday. We saw nothing of promise for the colored American in any ticket before the people, and so we let the election go by default. Our earnest hope is that what we have regarded as a mistake on the part of leading colored men in other sections of the country may turn out to be the best thing to happen."

The *Christian Recorder* has much to hope for from President-elect Wilson, because "he is an educator and sees things from the point of view of an educator. He is essentially a statesman rather than a 'politician.' Politicians have never treated the Negro as he ought to be treated, and this has demoralized our politics. Mr. Wilson is, we believe, more of a democrat than a Democrat."

The white Southern press has received Mr. Wilson's promises to the Negro with complacency, although the last phrase in the observations of the Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer* brings thought. It says that all good Southern people can heartily join in this promise: *"Understanding what it implies and what it does not imply."*

What the colored people fear in the triumph of the Democratic party is illustrated by a campaign document sent to all the Republicans just before election. Knowing that Senator Hoke Smith will be influential in the next administration, they quote from one of his recent campaign speeches:

"The uneducated Negro is a good Negro; he is contented to occupy the natural status of his race, the position of inferiority. The educated and intelligent Negro who wants to vote is a disturbing and threatening influence. We don't want him down here; let him go North. I favor and, if elected, will urge with all my power the elimination of the Negro from politics."

Covington Hall, in the *Coming Nation*, severely arraigns the Southern wing of Democracy:

"Shrieking against 'Nigger domination,' it has time after time furnished armies of gunmen to protect Negro scabs in their 'right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,' but it is only when he is a scab that the Democratic party recognizes the Negro's right to even a sawmill commissary living.

"If the Negro workers revolted it stirred up the basest passions of the whites against them and assassinated them back into submission; if the white workers revolted it rushed the militia to the scene and proclaimed with bayonets the master's right to 'run his business as he pleased,' no matter if his pleasure consisted of starving and killing men in the mines, women in the sweatshops, or babies in the mills. If the workers of both races united in their revolt, as they have done to-day in the timber belt, it raised and led the cry that the union was 'organizing the Negroes against the whites,' seeking thereby to endanger the lives of all its organizers, both white and colored, and to justify the slugging and killing of union men by thugs and gunmen.

"Under the rule of the Democratic party more than one-half of the working class of the South, regardless of color, has been disfranchised. Under its rule thousands of white children slave their lives away in cotton mills and canning factories; thousands of white girls and women are driven to degrading and mother-killing labor in laundries and other sweatshops, and the Democratic party fights every effort to better their condition—this, though its laws on child and woman labor would disgrace the statutes of the stone age. I do not mention here the hard lot of the Negro woman and the Negro child—I have said white children and white women, and for the reason that all the baby mill slaves of the South are white, and that the Democratic party, notwithstanding this, is the party of 'white supremacy,' the self-appointed guardian and protector of the Caucasian race.

"But the Democratic party was ever modest, even to the very bribes it demanded for its betrayal of the South. It has made the statute books of the South black with legalized crimes against the working class. Its 'vagrancy' and 'contract labor' laws are the soul of peonage and are enforced by as vile a set of petty judicial grafters and as brutal a force of thugs and gunmen as ever drew the breath of life.

"Its land laws are all in favor of the landlord, and Ireland in its darkest hours never suffered from a more degrading tenantry than that upheld and conserved in the Southern States by the Democratic party; the Mexican system alone is comparable to it in the extortion it imposes on the tillers of the soil.

"Its whole theory of government is based on the aristocratic idea that all workers are born peons, all tillers of the soil born tenants; that the exploitation of labor is a 'divine' and 'vested right,' against which to protest is blasphemy and to rebel a crime.

"There is not a modern prison under its jurisdiction, and the treatment of the convicts of the South, whether in the hideous mines of Alabama or on the frightful penal farms of Texas, has only been surpassed in atrocious cruelty by the rubber demons of the Congo and the Amazon."

As if justifying this stinging arraignment Louisiana has been voting to extend the time limit of its "grandfather clause," a proposition which the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* says must enfranchise "the most illiterate white population in the Union."

COMPLAINT. We note with some complacency that Mr. Booker T. Washington has joined the ranks of those of us who for some time have been insisting that the Negro is not having a fair chance in America. In the November *Century* Mr. Washington makes the following statements:

"Reduced to its lowest terms, the fact is that a large part of our racial troubles in the United States grows out of some attempt to pass and execute a law that will make and keep one man superior to another, whether he is intrinsically superior or not. * * *

"If one is a stranger in a city, he does not know in what hotel he will be permitted to stay; he is not certain what seat he may occupy in the theatre, or whether he will be able to obtain a meal in a restaurant. * * *

"The failure of most of the roads to do justice to the Negro when he travels is the source of more bitterness than any one other matter of which I have any knowledge. * * *

"The colored people are given half of a baggage car or half of a smoking car. In most cases the Negro portion of the car is poorly ventilated, poorly lighted and, above all, rarely kept clean; and then, to add to the colored man's discomfort, no matter how many colored women may be in the colored end of the car, nor how clean or how well educated these colored women may be, this car is made the headquarters for the newsboy. He spreads out his papers, his magazines, his candy and his cigars over two or three seats. White men are constantly coming into the car and almost invariably light cigars while in the colored coach, so that these women are required to ride in what is virtually a smoking car. * * *

"He is unfairly treated when he has, as is often true in the country districts, either no school at all, or one with a term of no more than four or five months, taught in the wreck of a log cabin and by a teacher who is paid about half the price of a first-class convict. * * *

"In Wilcox County, Ala., there are nearly 11,000 black children and 2,000 white children of school age. Last year $3,569 of the public-school fund went for the education of the black children in that county, and $30,294 for the education of the white children; this, notwithstanding that there are five times as many Negro children as white. In other words, there was expended for the education of each Negro child in Wilcox County 33 cents, and for each white child $15. In the six counties surrounding and touching Wilcox County there are 55,000 Negro children of school age. There was appropriated for their education, last year, from the public-school fund $40,000, while for the 19,622 white children in the same counties there was appropriated from the public fund $199,000.

"There are few, if any, intelligent white people in the South, or anywhere else, who will claim that the Negro is receiving justice in these counties in the matter of the public-school fund. * * *

"In Alabama 85 per cent. of the convicts are Negroes. The official records show that last year Alabama had turned into its treasury $1,085,854 from the labor of its convicts. At least $900,000 of this came from Negro convicts, who were for the most part rented to the coal-mining companies in the northern part of the State. The result of this policy has been to get as many able-bodied convicts as possible into the mines, so that contractors might increase their profits. Alabama, of course, is not the only State that has yielded to the temptation to make money out of human misery. The point is, however, that while $900,000 is turned into the State treasury from Negro convict labor, to say nothing of Negro taxes, there came out of the State treasury, to pay Negro teachers, only $357,585. * * *

"I do urge, in the interest of fair play for everybody, that a Negro who prepares himself in property, in intelligence and in

character to cast a ballot, and desires to do so, should have the opportunity. * * *

"Not a few cases have occurred where white people have blackened their faces and committed a crime, knowing that some Negro would be suspected and mobbed for it. In other cases it is known that where Negroes have committed crimes, innocent men have been lynched and the guilty ones have escaped and gone on committing more crimes. * * *

"Within the last twelve months there have been seventy-one cases of lynching, nearly all of colored people. Only seventeen were charged with the crime of rape. Perhaps they are wrong to do so, but colored people in the South do not feel that innocence offers them security against lynching. They do feel, however, that the lynching habit tends to give greater security to the criminal, white or black. When ten millions of people feel that they are not sure of being fairly tried in a court of justice, when charged with crime, is it not natural that they should feel that they have not had a fair chance?"

The curious thing is that these same statements made by other people have caused both denials and threats. The denunciation of "Jim Crow" cars has been laughed at, the statement in the Atlanta University publications that the Negro is not being fairly treated in the distribution of school funds has been denied, and the editor of the *Voice of the Negro* was driven out of Atlanta for saying that white men blacken their faces to commit crime. In Mr. Washington's case the severeness of his accusations has had its edge taken off by his careful flattery of the South; but as the editor of the *Century* says:

"The shadows upon the race which the head of Tuskegee glides over so lightly lie heavily upon ever-growing numbers of intellectual colored people, who are moved but little by figures of increased Negro farm holdings, by statistics about Negro grocers, lawyers, physicians and teachers. Grateful as their hearts may be that they are to-day in possession of their own bodies, they regard the future with troubled eyes.

"Looking upon their children they ask with panic fear if these are to be the children of the ghettos now being established, set apart as though leprous, with one avenue of advancement after another closed to them, denied the participation in government guaranteed to them by law, and in some States put beyond the pale of law. They read that the American Bar Association has virtually drawn the color line. They read almost every week of men of their race burned at the stake, North and South; of their women done to death, ruthlessly shot out of semblance to their Maker, by the mobs that destroy them in the name of the purity of the white race! They read that even Northern communities where the mob rules, like Coatesville, Penn., and Springfield, Ill., once the very home of Lincoln, fail to punish those who defy the laws and slay the accused or the innocent with barbarities known in no other land. They see themselves left out of account in the South by a leader of a new political party that boasts its desire for 'social justice.' If their children, deprived of school by the thousands, and depressed and ignorant, without a single influence to uplift, go wrong the imputed shame is that of the whole race. Every Negro criminal becomes a living indictment of his people. Bitterest of all, they cannot defend themselves against official wrongdoing, for having only a phantom ballot in their hands, the vilest sheriff is beyond their reach. Moreover, to the injury of the whole body politic, no adequate education through self-government is provided for them in this republic of Lincoln.

"This is the reverse of the picture and its pathos is beyond description. What would Lincoln say? Would he, if re-embodied, declare that the Negro, for all his progress, is having a fair chance, North or South, to-day?"

JACK JOHNSON.

The hysteria to which the *Century* refers is illustrated in the case of Jack Johnson. The Southern white press has quite lost its head on the matter, and two ministers of the gospel have recommended lynching. Many colored people have joined in the hue and cry.

The *Star* of Newport News, Va., for instance, says:

"No Negro, who has any spark of manhood, and who prayed and hoped that Jack Johnson would win his battle with Jim Jeffries, and clearly establish his title to the championship of pugilists, in his class, now feels that he did himself the slightest tinge of honor.

"They would gladly recall that prayer and that hope, when they read of his fool infatuation for white women."

And the New York *World* applauds the Negro race on the "promptness of the repudiation of Johnson."

Some papers, however, like the *Forum*, of Springfield, Ill., are not satisfied simply to condemn:

"We all know that it is not meet to argue that Jack Johnson is to be blamed for the sins of others. Johnson is probably wrong in not seeking female companionship among his own race, but the land is presumed to be a free land and no white girl is forced to leave the large field occupied by the white race and come down to the meagre opportunities offered the average colored person unless it be infatuation.

"Common sense will teach that, so the less said along those lines the better. We would all rather see the race types preserved and the lines drawn if it were possible, but the die was cast long ago and the end is not yet."

The Muskogee *Cimeter* speaks right out with italics:

"The *Times-Democrat* and the *Phoenix* both had spasms of indignation and outraged virtue over the Jack Johnson incident, and while we feel *in a way* just as they do, yet we can't forget that *white men* have been, and are even now, using innocent and ignorant colored girls and women in the same way. *White women are not responsible for the thousands of white Negroes*, but *white men are*, and it's *these fellows* who should quit their *devilment*, because they are the *white Jack Johnsons*, and are just as *detestable* in every way to *decency* as their black libertine brother and are no better."

The *U. B. F. Searchlight* of Sedalia, Mo., adds:

"We have always been well disposed toward Johnson as a boxer, and while we do not side with his recent escapade, will say that he is as good as the white man of his type. Were he not an invincible monarch of the prize ring all this noise would never have arisen."

The *Afro-American Ledger* declares that "Johnson is the victim of race prejudice."

And Mr. John E. Milholland has written to the Chicago *Tribune:*

"The spectacle of two great American cities lashing themselves into the fury of a Georgia lynching mob over an alleged offense as deplorably common among whites as campaign lying is a record exhibition to this old gray world of canting hypocrisy; especially on the part of a nation with 3,000,000 mulattoes, quadroons and octoroons among its native-born population, and that has made wife swapping and divorce an established institution. As a display of mediæval race prejudice, it tiptoes up to the Jew baiting of King John's time in old England. It disgraces the most backward civilization. It is contemptible beyond expression, and as much worse than Johnson's alleged offense as the Armenian massacres or Russian atrocities surpass in degree a barroom row down in Bathhouse John's bailiwick."

The New York *Call* has, perhaps, the sharpest word:

"While we are great admirers of oratorical declamation and quite ready to worship at the shrine of heaven-born eloquence, we think there is something lacking in the following editorial effort of the New York *Globe* in regard to the downfall of Jack Johnson, the giant Negro pugilist:

" 'There came a woman, just a weak, unknown woman, with no hard muscles, no money and no political pull. And she went out to meet this Goliath. She was a mother. The conflict was brief. In a few days the giant lay stunned, bleeding, wondering what had struck him. His glory had departed. For he encountered a power more terrible than the whirlwind, fiercer than a volcano, more consuming than fire. He had encountered a mother. An outraged mother is a thunderbolt. Of all the forces of nature she is the most irresistible, etc.'

"The *Globe* should have told us something more about this wonderful mother. Whether her color was white or black, for instance, seems to us an important point, but perhaps it could not be elucidated without weakening the effect of the oratory.

"We should like the opinion of the *Globe*, however, on the delicate point as to whether an 'outraged black mother' would be equally irresistible against, say, a white Southern gentleman, sah, who might have offended her in the same manner Johnson offended the girl above referred to.

"Possibly the avenging power of a female Nemesis is not affected by such considerations, but we cannot shake off a vague feeling that the *Globe's* effort lacks color, so to speak."

The answer to this comes from a colored paper, the Sumter (S. C.) *Defender:*

"Not a single white rapist in South Carolina has met death for his crime through the orderly process of the courts or by lynching.

"In Sumter County alone there have been, during the past ten years, five assaults by white men against Negro girls, and not a single one of the criminals was even brought to trial.

"The last two, which happened just about a month ago, like the former three, will soon be forgotten."

DOWN WITH THE BLACK MAN.

A. P. O., a colored paper of South Africa, reports a recent meeting of white artisans in Kurgersdorp to restrict colored competition:

"Advocate Stallard moved: 'That every measure tending to restrict the unfair competition with white, whether in the Union Parliament, Provincial Council or Municipalities, shall receive our support.' He welcomed General Hertzog's proposal of segregation, for the struggle for existence on the part of the white against the overwhelming majority of colored was becoming more and more severe. In many skilled trades white and colored people worked side by side, and were drawing practically equal wages. He deplored also that so much interest was evinced in the education of the colored children. He also condemned the action of the Railway Servants' Union for admitting colored workers as a retrograde step.

"Mr. George Mason, who seconded the above resolution, said that the colored people had already captured the Cape, but they must resist them in the Transvaal. The meeting further resolved to boycott Indian stores and all forms of cheap colored labor, as it was a suicidal policy on the part of the white population to support Indian stores.

"Mr. Retief said that persons who support colored races were traitors to the future race of South Africa.

"The colored man is evidently between the devil and the deep sea. He is condemned by the white labor party because it is alleged that he sells his labor cheaper than the white worker in the same trade. Indeed, that is the chief reason of the labor party's opposition to the employing of colored labor on the Rand. He is also regarded as a menace to white workers because he gets the same wages as white men."

On the other hand, Earl Grey, in an interview with the *Transvaal Leader*, said:

"The real danger is the native question. This is a stupendous problem. before which all white men should unite. Every political question in this country should be regarded from the standpoint of how it will affect the strength and prosperity of the South African nation years hence. The growing disproportion between black and white is a matter which should engage the close attention of you all. You have in Johannesburg 300,000 celibates who are being educated to believe that the white population regard them with fear. The compounds are further tending to obliterate the tribal distinctions and the old order of things. Unless you can satisfy the natives that you have their well-being at heart, you will one day be called upon to pay a heavy penalty. It is not for me, a transient visitor, to suggest a policy. Whatever be your policy, it does, however, appear to me essential to adopt some course calculated to keep your government and the white population in close touch with the needs, grievances and aspirations of the native. Nothing would be more dangerous than an unsympathetic attitude, based on ignorance. Let the native realize that the white man not only has his best interest at heart, but really understands his requirements, and an important step will have been made in the right direction."

¶ Arthur Farwell contributes a long and timely article in *Musical America*, discussing the causes of the wider attention being given by composers to the development of the Indian music in preference to that of the Negro. His inquiry continues: "Is the Negro music waiting its time and is it to have its period of development later? Twelve years ago the Negro melody was regarded as highly poetic and appealing in quality. The Negro music is peculiarly capable of characteristic and beautiful development. Where Negro legend and folklore have come to us in any convincing way, as in the 'Uncle Remus Tales,' they have proven a source of delight to the white race, and have been quickly assimilated. No race prejudice has kept them out and no such prejudice, however effective in 'society,' ever does close the interracial doors to those primal race verities which make for new vitality in art."

THE ELECTION.

IT is a source of deep gratification to THE CRISIS that William H. Taft and Theodore Roosevelt have been defeated in their candidacy for the presidency of this nation. Mr. Taft, refusing to follow the footsteps of the brave Abolitionist, his father, allowed the enemies of the Negro race in the South practically to dictate his policy toward black men. Theodore Roosevelt not only made and gloried in the wretched judicial lynching at Brownsville, but gave Negro disfranchisement its greatest encouragement by disfranchising 1,000,000 colored voters in the councils of his new party of social progress.

We are gratified in New York State at the victory of Sulzer over Straus; the former has been a consistent sympathizer with black folk, and the latter, on at least two critical occasions, has failed them.

We are gratified that at least 100,000 black votes went to swell the 6,000,000 that called Woodrow Wilson to the presidency. We do not as Negroes conceal or attempt to conceal the risk involved in this action. We have helped call to power not simply a scholar and a gentleman, but with him and in his closest counsels all the Negro-hating, disfranchising and lynching South. With Woodrow Wilson there triumphs, too, Hoke Smith, Cole Blease, Jim Vardaman and Jeff Davis, and other enemies of democracy and decency. We know that such men, being considered in this land the "social equals" of gentlemen and ladies, can come into close and continual contact with the new President, while colored men will meet him with the utmost difficulty.

Why then did we vote for Mr. Wilson? Because, first, we faced desperate alternatives, and because, secondly, Mr. Wilson's personality gives us hope that reactionary Southern sentiment will not control him. How long shall a man submit to insult and injury from alleged friends without protest, even if the protest involves the encouragement of erstwhile enemies? Moreover, can Mr. Wilson be fairly considered an enemy? Deliberately, and over his own signature, he has expressed:

1. His "earnest wish to see justice done them [the colored people] in every matter; and not mere grudging justice, but justice executed with liberality and cordial good feeling."

2. Their right "to be encouraged in every possible and proper way."

3. "I want to assure them that should I become President of the United States they may count upon me for absolute fair dealing, for everything by which I could assist in advancing the interests of their race in the United States."

In such a statement from an honorable and sincere man there remains but one source of apprehension: How far are the colored people going to be allowed a chance to convince Mr. Wilson of injustice; how far may they indicate lines of encouragement, and how far will they be permitted to judge and speak as to their own interests?

In other words, it is quite possible that Mr. Wilson, surrounded by counselors who hate us, may never realize what we suffer, how we are discouraged, and the hindrances to our advance. It will take, on Mr. Wilson's part, more than good will—it will demand active determination to know and receive the truth, to get at the sources of Negro public opinion and sympathize with wrongs that only Negroes know, if he fulfils his own promises and the hopes of millions of men.

As to whether, beyond Mr. Wilson's personal efforts, the Democratic party is prepared to become a real party of the people, and advance toward those great ideals of social democracy which every true patriot desires, is a question. Certainly its first step will be to discard the Southern oligarchy and combine the liberal and progressive policies of North and South, white and black.

THE TRUTH.

WHAT this nation and this world needs is a Renaissance of reverence for the truth. If THE CRISIS stands for one thing above others, it is emphasis of this fact, and it is here that we have to differ with some of our best friends. We are here to tell the essential facts about the condition of the Negro in the United States. Not all the facts, of course—one can never tell everything about anything. Human communication must always involve some selection and emphasis. Nevertheless, in such selection and emphasis there can be two attitudes as different as the poles. One attitude assumes that the truth ought to be as one person or race wants it and then proceeds to make the facts prove this thesis. The other attitude strives without undue assumption of any kind to show the true implication of the existing facts. The first attitude is that of nearly all the organs of public opinion in the United States on the Negro problem. They have assumed, and for the most part firmly believe, that the Negro is an undesirable race destined to eventual extinction of some kind. Every essential fact and situation is therefore colored and grouped to support this thesis, and when stubborn facts appear that simply will not support this thesis there is almost complete silence.

Few Americans, many Negroes, do not realize how widespread and dangerous this disregard of truth in relation to the Negro has become and how terrible is its influence. Sir Harry Johnston, a great Englishman, was recently invited to furnish his views on the Negro to a popular American magazine. When these articles were written and seemed favorable to the black man the magazine paid for them and suppressed them. Jane Addams was asked to write on the Progressive party for *McClure's Magazine*. Her defense of Negro rights was, with her consent, left out, and appeared in THE CRISIS last month. Charles Edward Stowe offered his "Religion of Slavery" to the *Outlook*. It was returned not as untrue but "unwise."

Many persons who know these things defend this attitude toward the truth. They say when matters are bad do not emphasize their badness, but seek the encouraging aspects. If the situation of the Negro is difficult strive to better it, but do not continually harp on the difficulties. The trouble with this attitude is that it assumes that everybody knows the truth; that everybody knows the terrible plight of the black man in America. But how do they know it when the organs of public information are dumb? Would anybody ever suspect by reading the *Outlook* that educated property-holding Negroes are disfranchised? Would any future generation dream by reading the *Southern Workman* that 5,000 Negroes had been murdered without trial during its existence? What right have we to assume intuitive and perfect knowledge of

truth in this one problem, while in myriads of other human problems we bend every energy and strain every nerve to make the truth known to all? Is there not room in the nation for one organ devoted to a fair interpretation of the essential facts concerning the Negro? There certainly is, even if the silence and omissions of the public press were quite unconscious; but how much more is the need when the misrepresentation is deliberate? In the recent Congress of Hygiene in Washington there was sent from Philadelphia a chart alleging in detail the grossest and most unspeakable immorality against the whole Negro race. Colored folk led by F. H. M. Murray protested. The secretary immediately had the offensive lie withdrawn and said: "I am sorry the chart ever found a place there, but I should be more sorry if the colored people had not protested." Here is the attitude of the honest man: "I am sorry that colored Americans are treated unjustly, but I should be more sorry if they did not let the truth be known."

Granted that the duty of chronicling ten mob murders a month, a dozen despicable insults and outrages, is not pleasant occupation, is the unpleasantness the fault of THE CRISIS or of the nation that perpetrates such dastardly outrages? "Why," said one of our critics, "if I should tell my white guests of the difficulties, rebuffs and discouragements of colored folk right here in Boston, they would go away and never visit us again. If, however, I tell how nicely the Negroes are getting on, they give money." Yes! And if your object is money you do right, but if your object is truth, then you should not only tell your visitors the truth but pursue them with it as they run.

True it is that this high duty cannot always be followed. True it is that often we must sit dumb before the golden calf, but is not this the greater call for a voice to cry in the wilderness, for reiterated declaration that the way of the Lord is straight and not a winding, crooked, cunning thing?

THE ODD FELLOWS.

THE Grand United Order of Odd Fellows is so large and influential an organization among the colored people of America that its internal affairs are of wide interest. As contrasted with the Elks it represents the original English society, while the white order, the International Order of Odd Fellows, forms the spurious organization. The first lodge was set up by Peter Ogden, a Negro, March 4, 1843. The order had 4,000 members by 1868, and in 1904 reported 286,000. It has to-day 492,905 members. Not only has the order this large membership, but it owns something like two and a half million dollars' worth of property, and pays out through its subordinate lodges a half million dollars a year in sick and death benefits. It has a central governing body which handles nearly $200,000 a year. It is natural that in an organization like this there should come a severe test of Negro democracy in elections. At the last meeting in Atlanta one man had, on the face of the returns, a majority of votes to elect him grand master. Some of the votes, however, were contested, and back of the effort to contest was a deep and widespread feeling that the candidate was not the proper man to be elected to the position. The result was that his election did not take place and the convention adjourned with the old officers holding over. This was accomplished, however, by adroit and high-handed methods which did not at all savor of democracy. On the other hand, the defeated candidate, contrary to expectation, neither withdrew from the order nor openly rebelled; but, while criticising the methods by which his election

was prevented, announced his determination to run again two years hence. Here, then, is a problem of democracy put squarely before the colored people. It is not a new problem, but old as the hills. How, with democratic government, are you going to prevent the election to high office of men whom you think unworthy? There is but one way. Educate the voters. Any other method is dangerous and in the long run suicidal. If the colored Odd Fellows wish the worthiest of their fellows in command over them they must train the rank and file to know what worth is and to select such worth intelligently. But, say many, does not this all prove that if colored men generally voted throughout the South they would make such mistakes as they are making in their own organizations? Of course, it does; of course, they would make mistakes; but human democracy is built on such mistakes. It is only through the training of mistaken action that worthy democratic government can be founded. It is only when the possible mistakes mean utter destruction of government that oligarchy is justifiable. In the present instance there is no such possibility, for even now the colored people in the black belt would vote with some intelligence, and if they had been as zealously trained to citizenship as they have to caste and crime they would be voting as intelligently as any class of workingmen in the republic. Meantime they are beginning their training in democracy in such organizations as the Odd Fellows, and it behooves them to make that training tell.

THE BLACK MOTHER.

THE people of America, and especially the people of the Southern States, have felt so keen an appreciation of the qualities of motherhood in the Negro that they have proposed erecting a statue in the National Capital to the black mammy. The black nurse of slavery days may receive the tribute of enduring bronze from the master class.

But this appreciation of the black mammy is always of the foster mammy, not of the mother in her home, attending to her own babies. And as the colored mother has retreated to her own home, the master class has cried out against her. "She is thriftless and stupid," the white mother says, "when she refuses to nurse my baby and stays with her own. She is bringing her daughter up beyond her station when she trains her to be a teacher instead of sending her into my home to act as nursemaid to my little boy and girl. I will never enter her street, heaven forbid. A colored street is taboo, and she no longer deserves my approval when she refuses to leave her home and enter mine."

Let us hope that the black mammy, for whom so many sentimental tears have been shed, has disappeared from American life. She existed under a false social system that deprived her of husband and child. Thomas Nelson Page, after—with wet eyelids—recounting the virtues of his mammy, declares petulantly that she did not care for her own children. Doubtless this was true. How could it have been otherwise? But just so far as it was true it was a perversion of motherhood.

Let the present-day mammies suckle their own children. Let them walk in the sunshine with their own toddling boys and girls and put their own sleepy little brothers and sisters to bed. As their girls grow to womanhood, let them see to it that, if possible, they do not enter domestic service in those homes where they are unprotected, and where their womanhood is not treated with respect. In the midst of immense difficulties, surrounded by caste, and hemmed in by restricted economic opportunity, let the colored mother of to-day build her own statue, and let it be the four walls of her own unsullied home.

EMMY

By JESSIE FAUSET

I.

"THERE are five races," said Emmy confidently. "The white or Caucasian, the yellow or Mongolian, the red or Indian, the brown or Malay, and the black or Negro."

"Correct," nodded Miss Wenzel mechanically. "Now to which of the five do you belong?" And then immediately Miss Wenzel reddened.

Emmy hesitated. Not because hers was the only dark face in the crowded schoolroom, but because she was visualizing the pictures with which the geography had illustrated its information. She was not white, she knew that—nor had she almond eyes like the Chinese, nor the feathers which the Indian wore in his hair and which, of course, were to Emmy a racial characteristic. She regarded the color of her slim brown hands with interest—she had never thought of it before. The Malay was a horrid, ugly-looking thing with a ring in his nose. But he was brown, so she was, she supposed, really a Malay.

And yet the Hottentot, chosen with careful nicety to represent the entire Negro race, had on the whole a better appearance.

"I belong," she began tentatively, "to the black or Negro race."

"Yes," said Miss Wenzel with a sigh of relief, for if Emmy had chosen to ally herself with any other race except, of course, the white, how could she, teacher though she was, set her straight without embarrassment? The recess bell rang and she dismissed them with a brief but thankful "You may pass."

Emmy uttered a sigh of relief, too, as she entered the schoolyard. She had been terribly near failing.

"I was so scared," she breathed to little towheaded Mary Holborn. "Did you see what a long time I was answering? Guess Eunice Lecks thought for sure I'd fail and she'd get my place."

"Yes, I guess she did," agreed Mary. "I'm so glad you didn't fail—but, oh, Emmy, didn't you mind?"

Emmy looked up in astonishment from the orange she was peeling.

"Mind what? Here, you can have the biggest half. I don't like oranges anyway—sort of remind me of niter. Mind what, Mary?"

"Why, saying you were black and"—she hesitated, her little freckled face getting pinker and pinker—"a Negro, and all that before the class." And then mistaking the look on Emmy's face, she hastened on. "Everybody in Plainville says all the time that you're too nice and smart to be a—er—I mean, to be colored. And your dresses are so pretty, and your hair isn't all funny either." She seized one of Emmy's hands—an exquisite member, all bronze outside, and within a soft pinky white.

"Oh, Emmy, don't you think if you scrubbed real hard you could get some of the brown off?"

"But I don't want to," protested Emmy. "I guess my hands are as nice as yours, Mary Holborn. We're just the same, only you're white and I'm brown. But I don't see any difference. Eunice Lecks' eyes are green and yours are blue, but you can both see."

"Oh, well," said Mary Holborn, "if you don't mind——"

If she didn't mind—but why should she mind?

"Why should I mind, Archie," she asked that faithful squire as they walked home in the afternoon through the pleasant "main" street. Archie had brought her home from school ever since she could remember. He was two years older than she; tall, strong and beautiful, and her final arbiter.

If any of the boys in your class say anything to you, you let me know. I licked Bill Jennings the other day for calling me a 'guiney.' Wish I were a good, sure-enough brown like you, and then everybody'd know just what I am."

Archie's clear olive skin and aquiline features made his Negro ancestry difficult of belief.

"ARCHIE LOVES YOU, GIRL," SHE SAID TO THE FACE IN THE GLASS.

Archie stopped to watch a spider.

"See how he does it, Emmy! See him bring that thread over! Gee, if I could swing a bridge across the pond as easy as that! What d'you say? Why should you mind? Oh, I don't guess there's anything for us to mind about. It's white people, they're always minding—I don't know why.

"But," persisted Emmy, "what difference does it make?"

"Oh, I'll tell you some other time," he returned vaguely. "Can't you ask questions though? Look, it's going to rain. That means uncle won't need me in the field this

afternoon. See here, Emmy, bet I can let you run ahead while I count fifteen, and then beat you to your house. Want to try?"

They reached the house none too soon, for the soft spring drizzle soon turned into gusty torrents. Archie was happy—he loved Emmy's house with the long, high rooms and the books and the queer foreign pictures. And Emmy had so many sensible playthings. Of course, a great big fellow of 13 doesn't care for locomotives and blocks in the ordinary way, but when one is trying to work out how a bridge must be built over a lop-sided ravine, such things are by no means to be despised. When Mrs. Carrel, Emmy's mother, sent Céleste to tell the children to come to dinner, they raised such a protest that the kindly French woman finally set them a table in the sitting room, and left them to their own devices.

"Don't you love little fresh green peas?" said Emmy ecstatically. "Oh, Archie, won't you tell me now what difference it makes whether you are white or colored?" She peered into the vegetable dish. "Do you suppose Céleste would give us some more peas? There's only about a spoonful left."

"I don't believe she would," returned the boy, evading the important part of her question. "There were lots of them to start with, you know. Look, if you take up each pea separately on your fork—like that—they'll last longer. It's hard to do, too. Bet I can do it better than you."

And in the exciting contest that followed both children forgot all about the "problem."

II.

MISS WENZEL sent for Emmy the next day. Gently but insistently, and altogether from a mistaken sense of duty, she tried to make the child see wherein her lot differed from that of her white schoolmates. She felt herself that she hadn't succeeded very well. Emmy, immaculate in a white frock, her bronze elfin face framed in its thick curling black hair, alert with interest, had listened very attentively. She had made no comments till toward the end.

"Then because I'm brown," she had said, "I'm not as good as you." Emmy was at all times severely logical.

"Well, I wouldn't—quite say that," stammered Miss Wenzel miserably. "You're really very nice, you know, especially nice for a colored girl, but—well, you're different."

Emmy listened patiently. "I wish you'd tell me how, Miss Wenzel," she began. "Archie Ferrers is different, too, isn't he? And yet he's lots nicer than almost any of the boys in Plainville. And he's smart, you know. I guess he's pretty poor—I shouldn't like to be that—but my mother isn't poor, and she's handsome. I heard Céleste say so, and she has beautiful clothes. I think, Miss Wenzel, it must be rather nice to be different."

It was at this point that Miss Wenzel had desisted and, tucking a little tissue-wrapped oblong into Emmy's hands, had sent her home.

"I don't think I did any good," she told her sister wonderingly. "I couldn't make her see what being colored meant."

"I don't see why you didn't leave her alone," said Hannah Wenzel testily. "I don't guess she'll meet with much prejudice if she stays here in central Pennsylvania. And if she goes away she'll meet plenty of people who'll make it their business to see that she understands what being colored means. Those things adjust themselves."

"Not always," retorted Miss Wenzel, "and anyway, that child ought to know. She's got to have some of the wind taken out of her sails, some day, anyhow. Look how her mother dresses her. I suppose she does make pretty good money—I've heard that translating pays well. Seems so funny for a colored woman to be able to speak and write a foreign language." She returned to her former complaint.

"Of course it doesn't cost much to live here, but Emmy's clothes! White frocks all last winter, and a long red coat—broadcloth it was, Hannah. And big bows on her hair—she has got pretty hair, I must say."

"Oh, well," said Miss Hannah, "I suppose Céleste makes her clothes. I guess colored people want to look nice just as much as anybody else. I heard Mr. Holborn say Mrs. Carrel used to live in France; I suppose that's where she got all her stylish ways."

"Yes, just think of that," resumed Miss Wenzel vigorously, "a colored woman with a French maid. Though if it weren't for her skin you'd never tell by her actions what she was. It's the same way with that Archie Ferrers, too, looking for all the world like some foreigner. I must say I like colored people to look and act like what they are."

She spoke the more bitterly because of her keen sense of failure. What she had meant

to do was to show Emmy kindly—oh, very kindly—her proper place, and then, using the object in the little tissue-wrapped parcel as a sort of text, to preach a sermon on humility without aspiration.

The tissue-wrapped oblong proved to Emmy's interested eyes to contain a motto of Robert Louis Stevenson, entitled: "A Task"—the phrases picked out in red and blue and gold, under glass and framed in passepartout. Everybody nowadays has one or more of such mottoes in his house, but the idea was new then to Plainville. The child read it through carefully as she passed by the lilac-scented "front yards." She read well for her age, albeit a trifle uncomprehendingly.

"To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less;"—"there," thought Emmy, "is a semi-colon—let's see—the semi-colon shows that the thought"—and she went on through the definition Miss Wenzel had given her, and returned happily to her motto:

"To make upon the whole a family happier for his presence"—thus far the lettering was in blue. "To renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered"—this phrase was in gold. Then the rest went on in red: "To keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same given condition to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

"It's all about some man," she thought with a child's literalness. "Wonder why Miss Wenzel gave it to me? That big word, cap-it-u-la-tion"—she divided it off into syllables, doubtfully—"must mean to spell with capitals I guess. I'll say it to Archie some time."

But she thought it very kind of Miss Wenzel. And after she had shown it to her mother, she hung it up in the bay window of her little white room, where the sun struck it every morning.

III.

AFTERWARD Emmy always connected the motto with the beginning of her own realization of what color might mean. It took her quite a while to find it out, but by the time she was ready to graduate from the high school she had come to recognize that the occasional impasse which she met now and then might generally be traced to color. This knowledge, however, far from embittering her, simply gave to her life keener zest. Of course she never met with any of the grosser forms of prejudice, and her personality was the kind to win her at least the respect and sometimes the wondering admiration of her schoolmates. For unconsciously she made them see that she was perfectly satisfied with being colored. She could never understand why anyone should think she would want to be white.

One day a girl—Elise Carter—asked her to let her copy her French verbs in the test they were to have later in the day. Emmy, who was both by nature and by necessity independent, refused bluntly.

"Oh, don't be so mean, Emmy," Elise had wailed. She hesitated. "If you'll let me copy them—I'll—I tell you what I'll do, I'll see that you get invited to our club spread Friday afternoon."

"Well, I guess you won't," Emmy had retorted. "I'll probably be asked anyway. 'Most everybody else has been invited already."

Elise jeered. "And did you think as a matter of course that we'd ask you? Well, you have got something to learn."

There was no mistaking the "you."

Emmy took the blow pretty calmly for all its unexpectedness. "You mean," she said slowly, the blood showing darkly under the thin brown of her skin, "because I'm colored?"

Elise hedged—she was a little frightened at such directness.

"Oh, well, Emmy, you know colored folks can't expect to have everything we have, or if they do they must pay extra for it."

"I—I see," said Emmy, stammering a little, as she always did when she was angry. "I begin to see for the first time why you think it's so awful to be colored. It's because you think we are willing to be mean and sneaky and"—with a sudden drop to schoolgirl vernacular—"soup-y. Why, Elise Carter, I wouldn't be in your old club with girls like you for worlds." There was no mistaking her sincerity.

"That was the day," she confided to Archie a long time afterward, "that I learned the meaning of making friends 'without capitulation.' Do you remember Miss Wenzel's motto, Archie?"

He assured her he did. "And of course you know, Emmy, you were an awful brick to answer that Carter girl like that. Didn't you really want to go to the spread?"

"Not one bit," she told him vigorously, "after I found out why I hadn't been asked. And look, Archie, isn't it funny, just as soon as she wanted something she didn't care whether I was colored or not."

Archie nodded. "They're all that way," he told her briefly.

"And if I'd gone she'd have believed that all colored people were sort of—well, you know, 'meachin'—just like me. It's so odd the ignorant way in which they draw their conclusions. Why, I remember reading the most interesting article in a magazine—the *Atlantic Monthly* I think it was. A woman had written it and at this point she was condemning universal suffrage. And all of a sudden, without any warning, she spoke of that 'fierce, silly, amiable creature, the uneducated Negro,' and—think of it, Archie—of 'his baser and sillier female.' It made me so angry. I've never forgotten it."

Archie whistled. "That was pretty tough," he acknowledged. "I suppose the truth is," he went on smiling at her earnestness, "she has a colored cook who drinks."

"That's just it." she returned emphatically. "She probably has. But, Archie, just think of all the colored people we've both seen here and over in Newtown, too; some of them just as poor and ignorant as they can be. But not one of them is fierce or base or silly enough for that to be considered his chief characteristic. I'll wager that woman never spoke to fifty colored people in her life. No, thank you, if that's what it means to belong to the 'superior race,' I'll come back, just as I am, to the fiftieth reincarnation."

Archie sighed. "Oh, well, life is very simple for you. You see, you've never been up against it like I've been. After all, you've had all you wanted practically—those girls even came around finally in the high school and asked you into their clubs and things. While I——" he colored sensitively.

"You see, this plagued—er—complexion of mine doesn't tell anybody what I am. At first—and all along, too, if I let them—fellows take me for a foreigner of some kind—Spanish or something, and they take me up hail-fellow-well-met. And then, if I let them know—I hate to feel I'm taking them in, you know, and besides that I can't help being curious to know what's going to happen——"

"What does happen?" interrupted Emmy, all interest.

"Well, all sorts of things. You take that first summer just before I entered preparatory school. You remember I was working at that camp in Cottage City. All the waiters were fellows just like me, working to go to some college or other. At first I was just one of them—swam with them, played cards—oh, you know, regularly chummed with them. Well, the cook was a colored man—sure enough, colored you know—and one day one of the boys called him a—of course I couldn't tell you, Emmy, but he swore at him and called him a Nigger. And when I took up for him the fellow said—he was angry, Emmy, and he said it as the worst insult he could think of—'Anybody would think you had black blood in your veins, too.'

"Anybody would think right," I told him.

"Well?" asked Emmy.

He shrugged his shoulders. "That was all there was to it. The fellows dropped me completely—left me to the company of the cook, who was all right enough as cooks go, I suppose, but he didn't want me any more than I wanted him. And finally the manager came and told me he was sorry, but he guessed I'd have to go." He smiled grimly as at some unpleasant reminiscence.

"What's the joke?" his listener wondered.

"He also told me that I was the blankest kind of a blank fool—oh, you couldn't dream how he swore, Emmy. He said why didn't I leave well enough alone.

"And don't you know that's the thought I've had ever since—why not leave well enough alone?—and not tell people what I am. I guess you're different from me," he broke off wistfully, noting her look of disapproval; "you're so complete and satisfied in yourself. Just being Emilie Carrel seems to be enough for you. But you just wait until color keeps you from the thing you want the most, and you'll see."

"You needn't be so tragic," she commented succinctly. "Outside of that one time at Cottage City, it doesn't seem to have kept you back."

For Archie's progress had been miraculous. In the seven years in which he had been from home, one marvel after another had come his way. He had found lucrative work each summer, he had got through his preparatory school in three years, he had been graduated number six from one of the best technical schools in the country—and now he had a position. He was to work for one of the biggest engineering concerns in Philadelphia.

This last bit of good fortune had dropped out of a clear sky. A guest at one of the hotels one summer had taken an interest in the handsome, willing bellboy and inquired into his history. Archie had hesitated at first, but finally, his eye alert for the first sign of dislike or superiority, he told the man of his Negro blood.

"If he turns me down," he said to himself boyishly, "I'll never risk it again."

But Mr. Robert Fallon—young, wealthy and quixotic—had become more interested than ever.

"So it's all a gamble with you, isn't it? By George! How exciting your life must be—now white and now black—standing between ambition and honor, what? Not that I don't think you're doing the right thing—it's nobody's confounded business anyway. Look here, when you get through look me up. I may be able to put you wise to something. Here's my card. And say, mum's the word, and when you've made your pile you can wake some fine morning and find yourself famous simply by telling what you are. All rot, this beastly prejudice, I say."

And when Archie had graduated, his new friend, true to his word, had gotten for him from his father a letter of introduction to Mr. Nicholas Fields in Philadelphia, and Archie was placed. Young Robert Fallon had gone laughing on his aimless, merry way.

"Be sure you keep your mouth shut, Ferrers," was his only enjoinment.

Archie, who at first had experienced some qualms, had finally completely acquiesced. For the few moments' talk with Mr. Fields had intoxicated him. The vision of work, plenty of it, his own chosen kind—and the opportunity to do it as a man—not an exception, but as a plain ordinary man among other men—was too much for him.

"It was my big chance, Emmy," he told her one day. He was spending his brief vacation in Plainville, and the two, having talked themselves out on other things, had returned to their old absorbing topic. He went on a little pleadingly, for she had protested. "I couldn't resist it. You don't know what it means to me. I don't care about being white in itself any more than you do—but I do care about a white man's chances. Don't let's talk about it any more though; here it's the first week in September and I have to go the 15th. I may not be back till Christmas. I should hate to think that you—you were changed toward me, Emmy."

"I'm not changed, Archie," she assured him gravely, "only somehow it makes me feel that you're different. I can't quite look up to you as I used. I don't like the idea of considering the end justified by the means."

She was silent, watching the falling leaves flutter like golden butterflies against her white dress. As she stood there in the old-fashioned garden, she seemed to the boy's adoring eyes like some beautiful but inflexible bronze goddess.

"I couldn't expect you to look up to me, Emmy, as though I were on a pedestal," he began miserably, "but I do want you to respect me, because—oh, Emmy, don't you see? I love you very much and I hope you will—I want you to—oh, Emmy, couldn't you like me a little? I—I've never thought ever of anyone but you. I didn't mean to tell you all about this now—I meant to wait until I really was successful, and then come and lay it all at your beautiful feet. You're so lovely, Emmy. But if you despise me——" he was very humble.

For once in her calm young life Emmy was completely surprised. But she had to get to the root of things. "You mean," she faltered, "you mean you want"—she couldn't say it.

"I mean I want you to marry me," he said, gaining courage from her confusion. "Oh, have I frightened you, Emmy, dearest—of course you couldn't like me well enough for that all in a heap—it's different with me. I've always loved you, Emmy. But if you'd only think about it."

"Oh," she breathed, "there's Céleste. Oh, Archie, I don't know, it's all so funny. And we're so young. I couldn't really tell anything about my feelings anyway—you know, I've never seen anybody but you." Then as his face clouded—"Oh, well, I guess even if I had I wouldn't like him any better. Yes, Céleste, we're coming in. Archie, mother says you're to have dinner with us every night you're here, if you can."

There was no more said about the secret that Archie was keeping from Mr. Fields. There were too many other things to talk about—reasons why he had always loved Emmy; reasons why she couldn't be sure just yet; reasons why, if she were sure, she couldn't say yes.

Archie hung between high hope and despair, while Emmy, it must be confessed, enjoyed herself, albeit innocently enough,

and grew distractingly pretty. On the last day as they sat in the sitting room, gaily recounting childish episodes, Archie suddenly asked her again. He was so grave and serious that she really became frightened.

"Oh, Archie, I couldn't—I don't really want to. It's so lovely just being a girl. I think I do like you—of course I like you lots. But couldn't we just be friends and keep going on—so?"

"No," he told her harshly, his face set and miserable; "no, we can't. And, Emmy—I'm not coming back any more—I couldn't stand it." His voice broke, he was fighting to keep back the hot boyish tears. After all he was only 21. "I'm sorry I troubled you," he said proudly.

She looked at him pitifully. "I don't want you to go away forever, Archie," she said tremulously. She made no effort to keep back the tears. "I've been so lonely this last year since I've been out of school—you can't think."

He was down on his knees, his arms around her. "Emmy, Emmy, look up—are you crying for me, dear? Do you want me to come back—you do—you mean it? Emmy, you must love me, you do—a little." He kissed her slim fingers.

"Are you going to marry me? Look at me, Emmy—you are! Oh, Emmy, do you know I'm—I'm going to kiss you."

The stage came lumbering up not long afterward, and bore him away to the train—triumphant and absolutely happy.

"My heart," sang Emmy rapturously as she ran up the broad, old-fashioned stairs to her room—"my heart is like a singing bird."

IV.

THE year that followed seemed to her perfection. Archie's letters alone would have made it that. Emmy was quite sure that there had never been any other letters like them. She used to read them aloud to her mother.

Not all of them, though, for some were too precious for any eye but her own. She used to pore over them alone in her room at night, planning to answer them with an abandon equal to his own, but always finally evolving the same shy, almost timid epistle, which never failed to awaken in her lover's breast a sense equally of amusement and reverence. Her shyness seemed to him the most exquisite thing in the world—so exquisite, indeed, that he almost wished it would never vanish, were it not that its very disappearance would be the measure of her trust in him. His own letters showed plainly his adoration.

Only once had a letter of his caused a fleeting pang of misapprehension. He had been speaking of the persistent good fortune which had been his in Philadelphia.

"You can't think how lucky I am anyway," the letter ran on. "The other day I was standing on the corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets at noon—you ought to see Chestnut Street at 12 o'clock, Emmy—and someone came up, looked at me and said: 'Well, if it isn't Archie Ferrers!' And guess who it was, Emmy? Do you remember the Higginses who used to live over in Newtown? I don't suppose you ever knew them, only they were so queer looking that you must recall them. They were all sorts of colors from black with 'good' hair to yellow with the red, kinky kind. And then there was Maude, clearly a Higgins, and yet not looking like any of them, you know; perfectly white, with blue eyes and fair hair. Well, this was Maude, and, say, maybe she didn't look good. I couldn't tell you what she had on, but it was all right, and I was glad to take her over to the Reading Terminal and put her on a train to New York.

"I guess you're wondering where my luck is in all this tale, but you wait. Just as we started up the stairs of the depot, whom should we run into but young Peter Fields, my boss's son and heir, you know. Really, I thought I'd faint, and then I remembered that Maude was whiter than he in looks, and that there was nothing to give me away. He wanted to talk to us, but I hurried her off to her train. You know, it's a queer thing, Emmy; some girls are just naturally born stylish. Now there are both you and Maude Higgins, brought up from little things in a tiny inland town, and both of you able to give any of these city girls all sorts of odds in the matter of dressing."

Emmy put the letter down, wondering what had made her grow so cold.

"I wonder," she mused. She turned and looked in the glass to be confronted by a charming vision, slender—and dusky.

"I am black," she thought, "but comely." She laughed to herself happily. "Archie loves you, girl," she said to the face in the glass, and put the little fear behind her. It met her insistently now and then, however, until the next week brought a letter begging

her to get her mother to bring her to Philadelphia for a week or so.

"I can't get off till Thanksgiving, dearest, and I'm so lonely and disappointed. You know, I had looked forward so to spending the 15th of September with you—do you remember that date, sweetheart? I wouldn't have you come now in all this heat—you can't imagine how hot Philadelphia is, Emmy—but it's beautiful here in October. You'll love it, Emmy. It's such a big city—miles and miles of long, narrow streets, rather ugly, too, but all so interesting. You'll like Chestnut and Market Streets, where the big shops are, and South Street, teeming with Jews and colored people, though there are more of these last on Lombard Street. You never dreamed of so many colored people, Emmy Carrel—or such kinds.

"And then there are the parks and the theatres, and music and restaurants. And Broad Street late at night, all silent with gold, electric lights beckoning you on for miles and miles. Do you think your mother will let me take you out by yourself, Emmy? You'd be willing, wouldn't you?"

If Emmy needed more reassurance than that she received it when Archie, a month later, met her and her mother at Broad Street station in Philadelphia. The boy was radiant. Mrs. Carrel, too, put aside her usual reticence, and the three were in fine spirits by the time they reached the rooms which Archie had procured for them on Christian Street. Once ensconced, the older woman announced her intention of taking advantage of the stores.

"I shall be shopping practically all day," she informed them. "I'll be so tired in the afternoons and evenings, Archie, that I'll have to get you to take my daughter off my hands."

Her daughter was delighted, but not more transparently so than her appointed cavalier. He was overjoyed at the thought of playing host and of showing Emmy the delights of city life.

"By the time I've finished showing you one-fifth of what I've planned you'll give up the idea of waiting 'way till next October and marry me Christmas. Say, do it anyway, Emmy, won't you?" He waited tensely, but she only shook her head.

"Oh, I couldn't, Archie, and anyway you must show me first your wonderful city."

They did manage to cover a great deal of ground, though their mutual absorption made its impression on them very doubtful. Some things though Emmy never forgot. There was a drive one wonderful, golden October afternoon along the Wissahickon. Emmy, in her perfectly correct gray suit and smart little gray hat, held the reins—in itself a sort of measure of Archie's devotion to her, for he was wild about horses. He sat beside her ecstatic, ringing all the changes from a boy's nonsense to the most mature kind of seriousness. And always he looked at her with his passionate though reverent eyes. They were very happy.

There was some wonderful music, too, at the Academy. That was by accident though. For they had started for the theatre—had reached there in fact. The usher was taking the tickets.

"This way, Emmy," said Archie. The usher looked up aimlessly, then, as his eyes traveled from the seeming young foreigner to the colored girl beside him, he flushed a little.

"Is the young lady with you?" he whispered politely enough. But Emmy, engrossed in a dazzling vision in a pink décolleté gown, would not in any event have heard him.

"She is," responded Archie alertly. "What's the trouble, isn't to-night the 17th?"

The usher passed over this question with another—who had bought the tickets? Archie of course had, and told him so, frankly puzzled.

"I see. Well, I'm sorry," the man said evenly, "but these seats are already occupied, and the rest of the floor is sold out besides. There's a mistake somewhere. Now if you'll take these tickets back to the office I can promise you they'll give you the best seats left in the balcony."

"What's the matter?" asked Emmy, tearing her glance from the pink vision at last. "Oh, Archie, you're hurting my arm; don't hold it that tight. Why—why are we going away from the theatre? Oh, Archie, are you sick? You're just as white!"

"There was some mistake about the tickets," he got out, trying to keep his voice steady. "And a fellow in the crowd gave me an awful dig just then; guess that's why I'm pale. I'm so sorry, Emmy—I was so stupid, it's all my fault."

"What was the matter with the tickets?" she asked, incuriously. "That's the Bellevue-Stratford over there, isn't it? Then the

Academy of Music must be near here. See how fast I'm learning? Let's go there; I've never heard a symphony concert. And, Archie, I've always heard that the best way to hear big music like that is at a distance, so get gallery tickets."

He obeyed her, fearful that if there were any trouble this time she might hear it. Emmy enjoyed it all thoroughly, wondering a little, however, at his silence. "I guess he's tired," she thought. She would have been amazed to know his thoughts as he sat there staring moodily at the orchestra. "This damnation color business," he kept saying over and over.

That night as they stood in the vestibule of the Christian Street house Emmy, for the first time, volunteered him a kiss. "Such a nice, tired boy," she said gently. Afterward he stood for a long time bareheaded on the steps looking at the closed door. Nothing he felt could crush him as much as that kiss had lifted him up.

(*To be concluded in the January* CRISIS)

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES

ON August 18, 1911, a black man was burned to death by a mob in Coatesville, Pa. On August 18, 1912, John Jay Chapman, an author of New York City, made an atoning pilgrimage to Coatesville. As he says:

"I felt as if the whole country would be different if any one man did something in penance, and so I went to Coatesville and declared my intention of holding a prayer meeting to the various business men I could buttonhole."

He found himself a marked and ostracized man in that guilty town. Nevertheless, the meeting was held. There were present Mr. Chapman, a friend from New York, an old colored woman and one citizen of Coatesville, who was probably a spy. "We held the meeting," Mr. Chapman says, "just as if there was a crowd, and I delivered my address. There was a church going on opposite to us, and people coming and going and gazing, and our glass-front windows revealed us like Daniel when he was commanded to open the windows and pray."

We quote from *Harper's Weekly* the words of Mr. Chapman's extraordinary speech:

MY FRIENDS: We are met to commemorate the anniversary of one of the most dreadful crimes in history—not for the purpose of condemning it, but to repent of our share in it. We do not start any agitation with regard to that particular crime. I understand that the attempt to prosecute the chief criminals has been made, and has entirely failed; because the whole community, and in a sense our whole people, are really involved in the guilt. The failure of the prosecution in this case—in all such cases—is only a proof of the magnitude of the guilt, and of the awful fact that every one shares in it.

I will tell you why I am here: I will tell you what happened to me. When I read in the newspapers of August 14, a year ago, about the burning alive of a human being—and of how a few desperate fiend-minded men had been permitted to torture a man chained to an iron bedstead, burning alive, thrust back by pitchforks when he struggled out of it, while around about stood hundreds of well-dressed American citizens, both from the vicinity and from afar, coming on foot and in wagons, assembling on telephone call, as if by magic, silent, whether from terror or indifference—fascinated and impotent, hundreds of persons watching this awful sight and making no attempt to stay the wickedness—and no one man among them all who was inspired to risk his life in an attempt to stop it, no one man to name the name of Christ, of humanity, of government; as I read the newspaper accounts of the scene enacted here in Coatesville a year ago I seemed to get a glimpse into the unconscious soul of this country. I saw a seldom-revealed picture of the American heart and of the American nature. I seemed to be looking into the heart of the criminal—a cold thing, an awful thing.

I said to myself: "I shall forget this, we shall all forget it; but it will be there. What I have seen is not an illusion. It is the truth. I have seen death in the heart of this

people." For to look at the agony of a fellow being and remain aloof means death in the heart of the onlooker. Religious fanaticism has sometimes lifted men to the frenzy of such cruelty, political passion has sometimes done it, personal hatred might do it, the excitement of the amphitheater in the degenerate days of Roman luxury could do it. But here an audience chosen by chance in America has stood spellbound through an improvised auto-da-fé, irregular, illegal, having no religious significance, not sanctioned by custom, having no immediate provocation —the audience standing by merely in cold dislike.

I saw during one moment something beyond all argument in the depth of its significance—you might call it the paralysis of the nerves about the heart in a people habitually and unconsciously given over to selfish aims, an ignorant people who knew not what spectacle they were providing, or what part they were playing in a judgment play which history was exhibiting on that day.

No theories about the race problem, no statistics, legislation, or mere educational endeavor, can quite meet the lack which that day revealed in the American people. For what we saw was death. The people stood like blighted things, like ghosts about Acheron, waiting for someone or something to determine their destiny for them.

Whatever life itself is, that thing must be replenished in us.

The opposite to hate is love, the opposite of cold is heat; what we need is love of God and reverence for human nature. For one moment I knew that I had seen our true need; and I was afraid that I should forget it and that I should go about framing arguments and agitations and starting schemes of education, when the need was deeper than education. And I became filled with one idea, that I must not forget what I had seen, and that I must do something to remember it. And I am here to-day chiefly that I may remember that vision. It seems fitting to come to this town where the crime occurred and hold a prayer meeting, so that our hearts may be turned to God through whom mercy may flow into us.

Let me say one thing more about the whole matter. The subject we are dealing with is not local. The act, to be sure, took place at Coatesville and everyone looked to Coatesville to follow it up. Some months ago I asked a friend who lives not far from here something about this case, and about the expected prosecutions, and he replied that "it wasn't in his county," and that made me wonder whose county it was in. And it seemed to be in my county. I live on the Hudson River; but I knew that this great wickedness that happened in Coatesville is not the wickedness of Coatesville nor of to-day. It is the wickedness of all America and of 300 years—the wickedness of the slave trade. All of us are tinctured by it. No one place, no special persons are to blame. A nation cannot practice a course of inhuman crime for 300 years and then suddenly throw off the effects of it. Less than fifty years ago domestic slavery was abolished among us; and in one way and another the marks of that vice are in our faces. There is no country in Europe where the Coatesville tragedy or anything remotely like it could have been enacted—probably no country in the world. * * *

Some one may say that you and I cannot repent because we did not do the act. But we are involved in it; we are involved in it. We are still looking on. Do you not see that this whole event is merely the last parable—the most vivid, the most terrible illustration that ever was given by man, or imagined by a Jewish prophet, of the relation between good and evil in this world, and of the relation of men to one another?

This whole matter has been a historic episode; but it is a part not only of our national history, but of the personal history of each one of us. With the great disease (slavery) came the climax (the war); and after the climax gradually began the cure, and in the process of cure comes now the knowledge of what the evil was. I say that our need is new life—and that books and resolutions will not save us, but only such disposition in our hearts and souls as will enable the new life, love, force, hope, virtue, which surround us always, to enter into us.

This is the discovery that each man must make for himself—the discovery that what he really stands in need of he cannot get for himself, but must wait till God gives it to him. I have felt the impulse to come here to-day to testify to this truth.

The occasion is not small; the occasion looks back on three centuries and embraces a hemisphere. Yet the occasion is small compared to the truth it leads us to. For this truth touches all ages and affects every soul in the world.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF
COLORED PEOPLE

BRANCHES.

THIS month Quincy, Ill., is the new branch we welcome to membership. The association desires to call attention to the splendid work the Baltimore branch is doing in prosecuting segregation cases, several of which are now on the docket. Mr. W. Ashbie Hawkins, who was retained by the branch as attorney, has spent several months in the preparation of these cases and in conference with the association's counsel. Mr. Hawkins has neither asked nor received any compensation for his able services.

PUBLICITY.

A PRESS committee consisting of thirty members, with Mr. James F. Morton, Jr., of 62 Vesey Street, New York, as chairman, has been organized to answer unfair editorials and articles on the Negro question appearing in newspapers and magazines.

LEGAL REDRESS.

A LETTER was sent Governor Donaghey of Arkansas thanking him for commuting the sentence of Robert Armstrong. Mention of this case appeared in the last CRISIS.

In response to a letter to the governor of West Virginia, calling his attention to the article in the *Independent* of October 10, in regard to the lynching of Robert Johnson, the following reply was received from Governor Glasscock:

> I am in receipt of your favor of October 16, and also copy of the *Independent*, of October 10, in relation to the recent lynching at Bluefield, in this State. You ask if the State of West Virginia intends to let the murder of Johnson go unavenged or without thorough investigation on the part of the State authorities. In reply I beg to say that I had started a company of militia to Princeton on the night of the lynching and had given orders to the troops to report at Princeton just as soon as I had information that the local authorities might not be able to control the situation and prevent the lynching. However, before the troops could get there the lynching occurred. I then took the matter up with the prosecuting attorney and the judge of the Criminal Court of that county, and asked for a special grand jury to investigate the matter, and the grand jury after being in session for a week adjourned without returning any indictments. This, however, does not prevent future grand juries from returning indictments against the lynchers, and I assure you that I shall do everything within my power to see to it that the guilty parties are punished and have so notified the local authorities, and have also made arrangements with the legal authorities to furnish them with any funds necessary to make a proper investigation.
>
> I am as much opposed to lynching as your association can possibly be, and during my term of office have prevented four lynchings; on one occasion appearing myself in person with a company of militia and personally directing the movements of the troops. I am sure that if I had been informed a few hours earlier of the seriousness of the situation I could have prevented this disgrace to the State.

LANTERN SLIDE LECTURE.

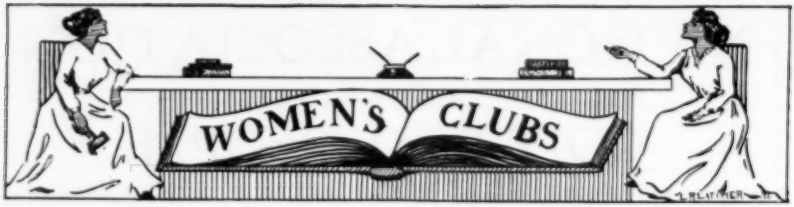
THE association will be glad to furnish the typewritten text of Dr. Du Bois's lecture before the Chicago conference for a nominal charge. The purpose of the lecture is to illustrate the color line to people who do not know about it.

CHRISTMAS SEAL.

RICHARD BROWN, JR., has designed a Christmas seal for us, which may be obtained in quantities from the national offices at the usual price. It will add a most attractive and appropriate touch to Christmas missives and gifts.

MEETINGS.

THE assistant secretary addressed two meetings in Boston on Sunday, October 20, under the auspices of the Boston branch. On October 30 Miss Gruening addressed a meeting of the N. Y. S. Colored Baptist convention at the Bethany Baptist Church in Brooklyn.



THE CLUB MOVEMENT IN CALIFORNIA

By A. W. HUNTON

IT is interesting to note that, although far removed from the center of club activity, California is always well represented at the biennial conventions of the National Association of Colored Women. This evidence of the permanency of the club movement in that far-off State is no surprising revelation to those who have kept pace with the growth of its club spirit and the multiplication of its club energies. No State has more strongly and clearly demonstrated the blessing of a united womanhood than California; and this centralizing of interests has given these women an increased ability, opportunity and power which they have used to the glory and honor of clubwork throughout the country.

MRS. KATHARINE D. TILLMAN

There are two elements that have contributed toward the divine fire of the California organization. First, the large number of intelligent colored women in the State —some to the manor born; but the larger number by far daughters of the Eastern States; and secondly, the constant touch of the California women with the National Association of Colored Women. This touch led to the organization of their State Federation and to the visit of Miss Elizabeth Carter during her administration as president of the National Association. This visit gave a large impetus to the club spirit of that State.

In Oakland and San Francisco, two of the most cosmopolitan of American cities, where Mexican, Chinese, Greek, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish women are freely mixed with their American sisters, we are told that colored women stand out as representatives of a culture which manifests itself most of all in their beautiful home life. Oakland has several wide-awake clubs. The Art and Industrial Club conducts a first-class woman's exchange; the Mothers' Club has been the resource of needy mothers and children, and has maintained a children's home at great sacrifice to themselves. The Nautilus and Ne Plus Ultra are girls' clubs, working with the advice and co-operation of the women. A home for the aged and infirm at Beulah, a few miles from Oakland, is a result of the efforts of a few earnest women. This beautiful home has

now been in operation for seven years, and its support and management are entirely in the hands of women. Says one who knows: "Their annual meeting, where reports are made and accounts audited, always wins friends for that excellent institution."

Sacramento is the home of the well-known Monday Club, that has had so much to do with the social uplift of that city; and San José has the Garden City, Victoria Earle Matthews and Mothers' Clubs. The San José clubs, under the direction of Mrs. Overton, have taken several prizes in the California pure food exhibit.

At Bakersfield the women have purchased a site for a proposed clubhouse, while Mrs. Allensworth has donated to the club of the little Negro town that bears her name a lot for a library. Both Riverside and beautiful Santa Monica have clubs whose reports show commendable work; the former being noted for its needlework and the latter for musical development. Still another Woman's Exchange Club is to be found at Redlands. Pasadena is the home of Mrs. Katherine Davis Tillman, to whom we are indebted for most of the information in this article. Mrs. Tillman is an ex-president of the State Federation and has been very active in the National Association, serving with great efficiency for a term as chairman of the ways and means committee.

Los Angeles is perhaps the greatest center of colored-club activity in California. The Sojourner Truth Club, the oldest and largest club in the city, has recently completed its purchase of a working-girls' home at a cost of nearly $3,000. The Day Nursery Association also owns valuable property. Other organizations in Los Angeles are the Progressive Woman's Club, the Married Ladies' Social and Art Club, the Helping Hand Society and the Stickney Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Not only is the clubwork of the colored women of California most admirable, but there has been a wealth of individual success. Mention has already been made of Mrs. Tillman, who is also a writer. In Oakland we find Madame Powell, a gifted pianist, and Mrs. S. Jeter Davis, a musician and reader. Miss L. Simpson is managing milliner in the largest department store of Bakersfield, while her sister is bookkeeper and stenographer for the same firm, as well as editor of the State paper. At Santa Monica is Mrs. Moxley, the leading caterer of the city and vice-president of the State Federation. Standing with Mrs. Tillman at Pasadena are Mrs. Kate Mann Baker and Mrs. B. L. Turner, who is author of the "Federation Cook Book."

Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Hoggan, the noted sociological writer of London, Eng., has recently been the guest of the California clubwomen and made several addresses for them.

Surely, then, in California, as in other States, the women are interpreting the true significance of the club movement and are facing with faithful affection, courage and strength its hardships. Measured by miles California is far away, but measured by the spirit and success of its clubwork it is at the center of things.

AT THE DIXON CAR-WHEEL FOUNDRY, HOUSTON, TEX.

"All the Negro women who are sentenced to serve on convict farms are not prostitutes and harlots. Hundreds of them are honest, self-respecting, law-abiding women who do not have the opportunity to prove their innocence in the courts, because, as a rule, they are too illiterate or too poverty-stricken to engage the assistance of an attorney. Only a few weeks ago, for example, a penniless but honest hard-working servant girl who resides a few blocks from my home was about to be arrested through mistake by an officer who at heart is a just and honest man.

"The girl protested her innocence so vigorously that she was arrested for resisting the officer, and was fined $40 and the cost of court, which was equivalent to a sentence of 86 days on the convict farm. The girl had no money with which to pay her fine and was about to be sent to the convict farm, when an aged colored friend of hers, who worked on a private farm near town, went to his white employer and induced him to pay the $43 fine.

"Rather than go to the convict farm, the girl signed a contract with the white farmer, agreeing to work on his farm for six months in payment for the $43, and also agreed to continue in his employ for another six months at a salary of $5 a month. This case will give some idea of the horror and aversion with which honest Negro women, as well as the more disreputable classes of our females, look upon the convict farm.

"The unfortunate servant girl to whom I have just referred, like many an honest, humble woman, has a comely face and figure. When such a woman is sent to a convict farm, God help her."—J. E. McCall in *Sparks*.

We have prepared for the holidays an exquisite little Christmas card in three colors on heavy bevelled edge cardboard as daintily done as our cover. It will have two sweet brown baby faces and can be printed to your liking. We have designed some for those who wish to give THE CRISIS as a holiday gift.

WRITE US

¶ The Music School Settlement for Colored People, in the city of New York, has secured permanent quarters at 257 W. 134th Street. The settlement is planning another great concert at Carnegie Hall, January 21.

¶ The Harriet Tubman Neighborhood Club of New York gave an interesting series of pantomimes from "Macbeth," "Othello" and the "Merchant of Venice," with Mr. Charles Burroughs and Mrs. Marie Jackson Stuart as readers.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., of THE CRISIS, published monthly at 26 Vesey Street, New York, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

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Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, none.

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Publishers' Page

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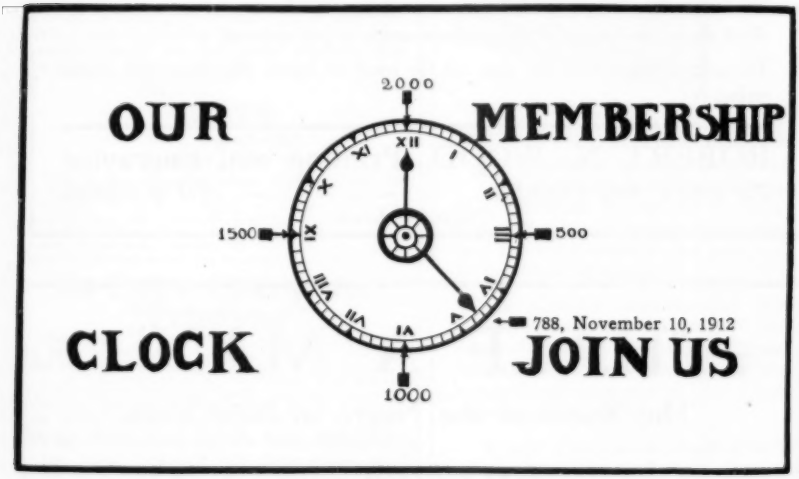

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ask your dealer for Green's Creole hair. It not only keeps the crimp, but is the best on the market. If your dealer cannot furnish you with our goods, send your order direct to us and we will be pleased to fill it. Switches, puffs, pompadours, transformations and anything pertaining to hair goods.

1-stem Switches	$ .50
½-ounce 3-stem Switches	.75
¾-ounce 3-stem Switches	1.00
22-inch Switches	1.50
24-inch Switches	2.00
26-inch Switches	2.50
28-inch Switches	3.00

These prices not including gray hair.

Our workmanship is the best, and we feel sure that after using our grade of goods, we will have you as our regular customer.

Send in your samples. Perfect match guaranteed. If not satisfactory we will refund your money.

GREEN'S HAIR GOODS CO.
Room 58
6 West Randolph Street Chicago, Ill.

ODESSA MILLINERY
Exclusive Parisian Creations for the Smartly Dressed Woman.
41 West 135th Street New York
'Phone 624 Harlem.

HOLIDAY GIFTS

LADY'S HANDBAG

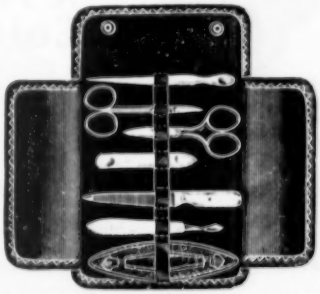
Seal grain handbag, gusseted ends; welted black leather lining, reinforced gussets; extra pocket inside with purse; rose gold fancy ornamented frame, double strap handle.

Size, 11 x 9 inches

Price, $3.50, Delivered

Economical, Useful Gifts That Are Sure to Delight

LADY'S MANICURE SET



Consists of seven (7) pieces, as illustrated above. Equally attractive for dressing table or traveling case. Case of soft gray suède, deep purple satin lining.

Price, in white bone.....$4.00
Price, in pearl..... 5.00
Delivered

ROGERS' 26-PIECE COMBINATION SET OF SILVERWARE

Consists of six teaspoons, six tablespoons, six table forks, six table knives, one sugar spoon and one butter knife. Warranted pure Mebeco Silver, in handsome, richly lined, clasp leatherette case. Appropriate gift from husband to wife or from children to parents. **Price, complete, $7.93.** Address:

THE DUNBAR COMPANY, 26 Vesey Street, NEW YORK

It Has Come at Last

It had to come and it was for us to introduce it.

A Face Powder for Colored Women

Whether the complexion is cream, olive or brown, we have a tint to match it.

It is *scientifically perfect,* embodying certain ingredients soothing to the most sensitive skin, while a soft breath of Oriental perfume enhances its cosmetic value.

It is the final touch to milady's toilette; adding a certain inexpressible charm to her appearance, which evokes words of admiration from friends and passersby.

Its quality is unsurpassed.

Miss Clough says:

"Its quality equals that of the most expensive imported powders."

Price 50c. postpaid

Send 2c. stamp for sample

Address:

The Dunbar Company

EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTORS

26 Vesey Street

New York

MISS INEZ H. CLOUGH

Formerly of the Williams and Walker Company; now playing the "Big Circuit" in vaudeville.